# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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### PURITY OF CHARACTER.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels, once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from Heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscape—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by a scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. He who has spotted and spoiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessings of a mother's tears still wet upon his brow, if he once lose the early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.

☞ Never listen to an infamous story handed you by a person who is known to be an enemy to the person he is defaming.

## GRACE MALCOLM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY PHILA H. CASE.

The wind moans fitfully over the lea—
The lone owl hoots in the dark pine tree.

The night is heavy with vapors chill,
The grey mist shivers along the hill.

The stars are burning dim in the sky,
Cold and white the moon goes by.

Colder and whiter the face of the slain,
Pallid and stark on the red battle plain.

Fair forms rigid, dear loving eyes
Staring so dreadfully up at the skies.

Grace Malcolm, with heart-full of sickening dread,
Is wandering alone 'mid the sheaves of dead.

The dripping dew is chill on her hair,
Her white hands folded in mute despair,

Seeking the lover who went away,
Right noble and brave one summer day.

Went with a fervent "God bless you, dear!"
Like the chime of a silver bell, in her ear.

She has travelled many a weary mile,
But to hear one word, and to see one smile.

And in all the world, so cruel and wide,
There is no one to love Grace Malcolm beside.

Her heart seems turning to ice or stone,
As she wanders on 'mid the dead alone.

But she pauses not in her search so drear,
For love is stronger than pain or fear.

"Perhaps he is only wounded," she cries—
"And he will know me before he dies."

Then a little cheer came into her heart—
So loth are we with our hopes to part—

"Perhaps 'twas another his captain saw fall,
Perhaps he is safe in the ranks after all!"

Oh! pitying angels help her now!
As she bends low over a young, fair brow,

And a face so terribly still and white,
All bathed in the moon's dim, spectral light.

A low, despairing, anguished moan,
And her heart has turned to ice or stone.

She kneels at his side, and there—oh God!
His precious blood on the crimson sod.

She kissed his cold, white lips, and cried—
"Dear love, I will be your spirit bride."

When on the morrow, so dark and dread,
They came to bury the noble dead,

A broken casket of beautiful clay,
Beside her lover, Grace Malcolm lay.

THE CANDLE IN THE GUNPOWDER.

[See Article on Sixth Page.]

## OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

### PART XXV.

A SPECIAL FAVOR FOR NEAL.

Miss Bettina Davenal stood before her toilette-glass, dressing herself in dudgeon. Let who would be neglected in the house, Miss Bettina must not be; and yet she had been, as she was saying to herself, shamefully neglected that morning. When fully attired, she rang her bell—a sharp long peal—an ominous peal to Jessy the housemaid's ear, as she bounded up to answer it. Miss Davenal did not at first speak, but confronted the girl with her stern eye.

"Did you ring, ma'am?" asked Jessy, at a loss what else to say.

"Where's my milk?"

"Milk!" replied Jessy, in wonder.

"The milk that was ordered for me last night. Don't you hear how hoarse I am?"

"I did not know that milk was ordered," said Jessy.

"It is an excuse," retorted her mistress. "Miss Sara ordered it. Jessy, my girl, if this is the way you attend to your duties, we shall have to part."

"Indeed, ma'am," persisted Jessy, "I heard nothing whatever about it. I'll ask Watton."

The girl shut the door, and ran down stairs to make the inquiry. Miss Bettina, painfully erect, began to fold a warm shawl to throw on her shoulders when she descended to the breakfast-room. The grievance was this: Miss Bettina had been attacked with cold and hoarseness the previous evening and had gone to bed early, desiring Sara to order her usual remedy for a cold in the chest to be taken to her room at seven o'clock the following morning.

It was an old-fashioned remedy, and certainly a curious one; but as it had been given to Miss Bettina in her youth by an old-fashioned nurse, she believed in it still, and rigidly adhered to it. Half a pint of milk, with some suet chopped fine and boiled in it: such it was. And the milk had failed to make its appearance.

Most ladies would have rung for it. Not so Miss Davenal. She preferred to go without it that she might visit her displeasure on the delinquent, whichever of the servants, Watton or Jessy, that might prove to be. She got up and dressed herself, for she never allowed trifling ailments to interfere with the accustomed routine of her life. Were it possible to appear at the breakfast-table, it would have been unpardonable in Miss Bettina's eyes not to appear. Idleness and lying in bed were in her creed little less than crimes.

She had just finished wrapping the shawl round her to descend, when Jessy returned.

"The order was not given at all, ma'am, I find. Miss Sara must have forgotten it."

"What do you say?" asked her mistress, pulling away the shawl from her head and bending her ear to Jessy.

"Miss Sara must have forgotten it, ma'am. We none of us heard anything about it."

Miss Bettina stared at the girl for a good minute, and then stalked along the corridor to her niece's door. Sara, not, it must be confessed, above three parts dressed, opened it.

"And my milk?" cried Miss Bettina.

The request of the previous evening flashed over Sara's memory. She had never thought of it from that moment to this.

"Oh, aunt, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed, her tone betraying her earnestness. "I *forgot* it; I did indeed!"

"Forgot it!" repeated Miss Davenal. "What business had you to forget it? I can scarcely speak, my chest is so sore."

"It is not too late now, aunt. Jessy—"

"Not too late!—when I am going down to breakfast. There's the clock—eight! And pray what makes you so late this morning?"

"I shall not be long, aunt," was Sara's weary answer; and Miss Bettina turned away, and Sara closed the door.

Ah, poor thing! she had far more need of a healing remedy than Miss Bettina, though perhaps not of that special one, milk and suet. "Who shall minister to a mind diseased?"

The whole night—for it was the morning subsequent to that meeting in the Abbey graveyard with Oswald Cray—had Sara lain awake, striving to battle with her pain. It was very sore to bear. She knew now the cause of his absenting himself; and she knew that they were lost to each other for ever. It is the worst pain that a woman can be called upon to endure: no subsequent tribulation in life can equal its keen anguish.

Ten times in the night had she prayed for help—for strength to support and live through the mind's trouble. She did not pray that it might be taken from her; that was hopeless: she knew that weeks and months must elapse before even the first brunt of the edge should be worn; that years must roll on before tranquillity could come.

She did not blame Oswald Cray. She believed that that unhappy secret, of the precise nature of which she was yet in ignorance, had become known to him: how, she could not conjecture. It did not much matter to conjecture it. Perhaps he knew it in all its terrible details—and that the details were terrible, she doubted less now than ever. Were they not—ay, she fully believed it!—shortening her father's life? There were moments when even that awful word spoken by Oswald Cray had suggested itself to her own mind with sickening dread—but she could not believe it to be so bad as that. But she did believe that it was something to bring disgrace and danger in its train; and she fully justified Oswald Cray in the step he had taken. If he had not set about it—the breaking off relations between them—as she would have set about it had she been the one to part from him, still she did not blame. She thought that he should have come to her in the first onset, and plainly said, such and such a thing has come to my knowledge, and therefore we must part. He had not done this: he had left her for weeks to the slow torture of suspense—and yet that very suspense was more tolerable than the certainty now come. After all, what did it matter? They had parted, and its way and manner were of little consequence. Oh, the dull dead pain that lay on her heart!—never for a long long while to be lifted from it.

She strove to reason calmly with herself; she essayed to mark out what her future course should be. Of course she knew that there was nothing at present but to bear her burden and hide it from the world's eye; but she would do her duty all the same, Heaven helping her, in all the relations of life; she would strive manfully to take her full part in life's battle, whatever the inward struggle. Many had undergone this trial before, as poets have said and sung; many and many had passed through it and borne on in their course of duty, and the world been none the wiser. And so would she.

There is no doubt that in that night of tribulation she looked at the future in its very darkest aspect. It was well perhaps that it should be so, for the horizon might clear a little as she went on, if only in contrast to that darkness. That Mr. Oswald Cray would in time marry, she had no right to doubt—a word or two of his had almost seemed to hint at it: man forgets more easily than woman.

Towards morning she dropped into a heavy sleep, and had slept longer than usual. This had caused her to be late in dressing, and drawn upon her the reproof of punctual Miss Bettina. She looked at herself in the glass ere she went down; at her pale face, her heavy eyelids; hoping, trusting they would escape observation. What a happy thing it is, that others cannot read our faces as we read them!

She went down carrying her pain within her, the burden that was henceforth to be her portion, never even momentarily to leave her, sleeping or waking. Miss Bettina was at the head of the breakfast-table—cold or no cold, ill or well, *she* was at her post; and Dr. Davenal stood at the fire, his elbow on the mantle-piece, his forehead leaning on his hand.

Sara went up to him, and he seemed to rouse himself from a reverie as he kissed her. She noticed how ill he looked.

"Papa, I am sure you are worse!"

"I don't feel very well, child."

"If you would but stay at home for a day or two and nurse yourself!"

"Ah! I have not time. There's a great deal of sickness about, and my patients must not be neglected."

"Mark Cray can attend to them."

"To the light cases he could. Not the serious ones; I wouldn't trust them to him."

"Not trust them to him?" echoed Sara.

The surprised tone of the question awoke Dr. Davenal to his words: he had spoken out too heedlessly his real thoughts.

"People dangerously ill have naturally more confidence in me than in a young man," he said, by way of doing away with the impression of his avowal.

"I did not know before that you preferred cold coffee," severely interrupted Miss Davenal whose anger at the neglect of the the breakfast-table by the doctor, and at Sara's tardy appearance, had been gradually growing. "It has been poured out these ten minutes."

They took their places in obedience to the summons. Neither able to eat; the doctor from sickness of body, for he was really ill; Sara from sickness of mind.

"Aunt Bettina, I tell papa he ought not to go out to-day."

"Not going out to-day?" repeated Miss Bettina. "Why not? What's he going to do, then?"

"I say he ought not to go out. He is not well enough."

Miss Bettina heard this time. She raised her eyes and gazed at the doctor. It was impossible not to see that he did look ill.

"What's the matter with you, Richard?"

"It is only my cold," said the doctor. "It has settled here," touching his chest.

"That's just where mine is settling, thanks to Miss Sara," grimly returned Aunt Bettina. "If I had had that milk this morning, I should have been half well."

"I am very sorry, aunt," murmured Sara for the second time. And she did feel sorry. In her inward tribulation she had forgotten all about the milk as soon as her aunt had spoken of it.

"Papa's eating nothing," said Sara.

"As if I could eat, with the skin off my throat and chest!" retorted Miss Bettina, mistaking the words, as usual. "It seems that nobody's eating this morning; you are not; we might as well not have had the breakfast laid. Toast was made to be eaten, Miss Sara Davenal, not to be wastefully crumbled into bits on the plate. I suppose *you* have not got a cold?"

Sara began to pick up the crumbs and the pieces, and to swallow them as she best could. Anything to escape particular observation.

"I wonder how Mrs. Cray is this morning!" she presently observed, having ransacked her brains for a subject to speak upon. Miss Bettina heard all awry.

"Oswald Cray! Why should you wonder how he is? Is he ill?"

"I said Mrs. Cray, aunt;" and she would have given much to hide the sharp bright blush that the other name brought to her face. I told you last evening Caroline was not well. I think you always mistake what I say."

"No, I don't mistake. But you have got into a habit of speaking most indistinctly. My belief is you did say Oswald Cray. He is in town," fiercely added Miss Bettina, as if the fact strengthened her proposition.

"Yes, he is in town," assented Sara, for her aunt was staring so very fixedly at her that she felt herself obliged to say something. "At least he was in town yesterday."

"Where did you see him, Sara?" asked the doctor.

"I met him as I was leaving the Abbey last evening, papa," she replied, not daring to look up as she said it.

"I met him yesterday also," observed Dr. Davenal. "He was passing the gate here just as I was about to step into the carriage. He is a puzzle to me."

Miss Bettina bent her ear.

"What's a puzzle to you, doctor?"

"Oswald Cray is. I had the very highest opinion of that man. I could have answered for his being the soul of honor, one entirely above the petty prejudices of the world in ordinary. But he has lost caste in my eyes: has gone down nearly cent. per cent."

"It's his pride that's in fault," cried Miss Bettina. "He is the proudest man living, old Sir Philip of Thorndyke excepted."

"What has his pride to do with it?" returned the doctor. "I should say, rather his selfishness. He has chosen to take umbrage at Lady Oswald's having left her money to me; and very foolish it was of her, poor thing, to do it! But why he should visit his displeasure—"

"He has not taken umbrage at that, papa," interrupted Sara.

"Yes, he has," said Dr. Davenal. "I spoke to him yesterday of the will, and he declined in the most abrupt manner to hear anything of the matter. His tone in its haughty coldness was half insulting. Why he should have taken it up so cavalierly, I cannot conceive."

Sara remained silent. She did not again dare to dissent, lest Dr. Davenal should question her more closely. Better let it rest at that; far better let it be thought that Mr. Oswald Cray had taken umbrage at the disposal of the property, than that the real truth should be known.

But for cross-purposes, how well we might all get on! Oswald Cray believed all sorts of ill of Dr. Davenal, and this accounted for his repellant manner at their meeting. Sara had no suspicion that it was against her father his ire was excited. She believed Oswald's only motive in stopping away from the house was that he might separate himself from her. As to the will and the disposal of the money, she did not for a moment think *that* had anything to do with the matter; and she did think that Dr. Davenal's impression of Oswald Cray's haughty manner to him must have had its rise partially in fancy. They were at cross-purposes, you see, altogether.

"I suppose Oswald Cray felt hurt at not being left executor to the will," angrily remarked Miss Bettina. "As to the money, I never will believe he wanted that, with his independent spirit."

"He wants his independent spirit shaken

out of him, if it is to show itself in this offensive manner," was the doctor's severe remark. "What did he say to you, Sara?"

"Sa—?" she stammered, the remembrance of what had really been said between them occurring startlingly to her.

Dr. Davenal noted the hesitating words, he noted the crimsoned cheeks; and a doubt which had once before risen up within him, rose again now. But he let it pass in silence.

"Did he say anything about the money? Did he hint at it in any way?"

"Not at all," she answered in the least confused manner she could call up. "He did not allude to that, papa."

"Ah, he would not to you," was the comment of the doctor.

Miss Bettina had been bending her ear.

"Did he say whether he meant to come here again, Sara?"

"I don't know, aunt."

"You don't know! You don't know whether he said so or not? Is your memory growing short?"

"I mean I don't know whether he intends to come here," was poor Sara's answer. "I suppose he will come again some time."

And in good truth she did suppose he would come again. "Some time." When the pain of their separation should have worn away.

Sara quitted her seat in haste, throwing down a fork with the movement, and went to the window. She had seen the postman enter the gate. Not that she was particularly desirous of taking a closer view of that functionary, but in the impulsive hope that it might serve to break the thread of the discourse.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Miss Bettina.

"It is the postman, aunt."

"The postman!" echoed Miss Bettina, sharply, wondering what possessed her niece that morning. "If it is the postman, you need not fly from the breakfast table in that way, upsetting the things. Do you call that manners?"

"Oh, papa," cried Sara, turning round, unmindful of the reproof in her flush of excitement, "I do think here are letters from Edward! Some foreign mail must be in, for the man has an unusual number of letters in his hand, and some of them look like foreign ones."

She stood gazing at the room door, absorbed in this new interest. They were anxiously wishing to hear from Captain Davenal. But no letters appeared. The man went out again with his quick step, and Sara, feeling grievously disappointed, returned slowly to her seat.

"Is the postman gone?" presently asked the doctor.

"Oh, yes, papa. He is half way down the street by this time. He came, I suppose, for one of the servants."

"He didn't ring."

"No. He seemed to go straight to your consulting-room window. Perhaps Neal is there, putting the room to rights."

But Dr. Davenal did not rest so easily satisfied. He opened the door and called down the passage, his voice imperative.

"Neal! Are there no letters?"

Neal came gliding into the room from his pantry, two letters in his hand.

"Why did you not bring them in at once?" somewhat sternly asked the doctor, as he took them, certain past suspicions regarding Neal and such missives arising forcibly to his mind.

"I was looking for my waiter, sir: I have mislaid it somewhere. Oh, I left it here, I see."

The silver waiter was on a side table; not at all where it ought to be; as if it had been put down heedlessly and forgotten. Neal caught it up and retired. It might have been as he said—that the delay was caused by looking for it, and by that only; and Dr. Davenal, more inclined to be charitable than suspicious, thought no more of the matter.

In the keen disappointment which had come over him, he nearly lost sight of other things. Neither of the two letters was from his son; and he had so fully expected to hear from him by the present mail!

Sara's heart was beating. "Are they not from Edward, papa?"

The doctor shook his head as he laid the letters down. "They are both from Dick, I expect. His holiday letters."

The two letters were respectively addressed to Miss Davenal, and Miss Sara Davenal. The address to Miss Davenal bore evident marks of care in the writing; it was a clear, regular hand, though easily recognizable as a schoolboy's. The address to Sara was a scrawl scarcely legible. Upon opening the letter Sara found it beautifully written. Until she came to its close she had no suspicion but that it was really written to herself: she supposed it to be a sort of general holiday letter.

"My Dear and Respected Aunt and Relatives:—As the joyful epoch of Christmas approaches, marking the close of another half year, we feel how valuable is that time which the best of us are only inclined to regard too lightly. Yet I hope it will be found that I have not wholly wasted the share of it bestowed on me, but have used it to the best of my power and abilities. When you witness the progress made in each branch of my various studies, to which I have earnestly and assiduously devoted my days and hours, I trust that you will find cause to deem I have been no thoughtless pupil, but have done my best to merit your favor and the approbation of my masters. In Greek especially—which Dr. Keen saw fit to promote me to at Midsummer—I flatter myself you will be satisfied with my advancement: it is a delightful study.

"Deeply sensible of the inestimable price of the talents entrusted to me, anxious that not one of them should lie fallow through fault of mine, it has been my constant and earnest endeavor to improve them, so that they may be turned to profitable use in the after business of life. By industry, by perseverance, and by unflagging attention I have striven to progress, and I may say that it is with regret I part with my beloved studies, even for a temporary period.

"I am desired to present Dr. Keen's compliments to you and my uncle, and to convey to you the intelligence that our winter recess will commence on the 16th of this month, on which day I and Leopold shall hope to return to Hallingham and to meet you in good health. Leopold regrets sensibly that he will not be able this year to write you his vacation letter, it is a great disappointment to him. He has had a fester on the thumb of his right hand; it is getting better, but still painful. He begs to offer his affectionate duty to yourself, my uncle, Sara, and Mrs. Cray. And trusting you will accept the same from me,

"I am, my dear Aunt,
"Your most sincere and respectful Nephew,
"Richard John Davenal.

"Miss Davenal."

A smile stole over Sara's features at the wording of the letter, so unlike Dick, and she turned over the envelope.

"Yes, Miss Sara Davenal! Dick has made a mistake. It is written to you, Aunt Bettina."

But Miss Bettina's eyes were glued to her own letter, which she held open before her. Her lips had drawn themselves in ominously.

"Is it the holiday letter, Sara?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, papa: Richard's. But it is not written to me."

Dr. Davenal took up the letter. Its writing, almost as beautiful as copper-plate, was read as easily as a book: Master Richard must have taken his best pains over it. Miss Davenal's was not so easily read, for it seemed to have been scrawled with a skewer. She dashed it on the table in considerable temper when she came to its end, and laid her hand solemnly upon it.

"Dr. Davenal, if you do not return this letter instantly to Dr. Keen, I shall. It is a disgrace to have come out of any respectable school."

"Who is it from?" questioned the doctor in surprise.

"Who is it from?—from that wicked nephew of yours—Dick. And *you* to encourage him!" she added, directing her severe glance at Sara. "It is meant, I suppose, for you."

In point of fact, Master Dick Davenal had misdirected his letters, sending his holiday letter to Sara, and one intended exclusively for Sara's eyes, to his aunt. Certainly it was not intended for those of Miss Bettina. Dr. Davenal, in some curiosity, drew towards him the offending letter.

"Dear Old Girl:—We come home the end of next week, hurray! old Keen was for keeping us till the week after and shouldn't we have turned rusty but its all fixed now, the 16th is the joyful day and on the 15th we mean to have a bondire out of bounds and shouldn't we like to burn up all our books in it! you cant think how sick we are of them. Jupper says hed give all his tin for next half if books and studies had never been invented and I'm sure I would, I hate learning and that's the truth and I havent tried to get on a bit for I know its of no use trying. Greak's horrid, and our greak master is an awful stick and keeps us to it till we feel fit to bofett him its the most hateful bothering language you can imagine and I shall never master a line of it and if it werent for cribs I should get a caning every day, latin was bad enough but greak caps it. We all got into a row which I'll tell you about when I come home and we had our Wenesday and saturday holidays stopped for three weeks, it was all threw the writing master a shokking sneak who comes four days a week and found out something and took and told Keen but we have served him out, we have had some good games this half taking things together and if we could berry our books and never do another lesson Keens house wouldnt be so bad. Leo and some more of us were trying to wrench open farmer Clupps stable to get at his pony when he run a rusty nale into his thum, old Clupp was off to a cattle fair by rail and we knew hed be none the wiser if we exercised the pony an hour or two up and down the common, and a jolly time of it I can tell you we had only we couldnt find the sadle, well leos thum got bad and he hasnt been able to write for ever so long and hes uncomon glad of it now for it saves him his holiday letter. I had to write mine five times over before it did and I nearly flung it in the fire before Keens face, I never was so sick of anything in my life, its going to aunt Bett this time Keen said it went to uncle Richard at midsummer, good buy till next week darling Sara love to Carry and mind you get a jolly lot of mince pies ready for us. Dick Davenal.

ps hows old Betts deafness, its so cold we hope all the ponds will be froze to ice to-morrow."

Dr. Davenal burst into a fit of laughter. The contrast between the genuine letter of the boy and the formal one dictated by the school was so rich. Miss Davenal's brow wore its most ominous frown: the letter was bad enough altogether, but the insult to herself, the "old Bett," could not be forgiven.

"I'll have this letter sent back, Dr. Davenal."

"Tush, Bettina! Send it back, indeed! We were schoolboys and schoolgirls ourselves once. Way, what's this?—here's the postman coming again! He must have omitted to leave all our letters!"

It was even so. The postman by inadvertence had carried away a letter addressed to the house, and had now come back with it.

But that mistake was one of the greatest pieces of good luck for Neal; and in truth its occurring on that morning was a singular coincidence. You will agree with me in saying that it was quite a different sort of luck from any deserved by Neal. Poor Dick Davenal's "sneak" of a writing-master could not stand for honors beside the real sneak, Neal.

Neal had not been at Dr. Davenal's window when the postman came in the first time, as Sara had surmised; Neal was standing in his favorite corner outside, amid the shrubs, having a mind to give himself an airing. It was to this corner the postman had gone, and he delivered three letters into his hands. Neal carried them to his pantry and proceeded to examine the outsides with his usual curiosity. Two of them were those he subsequently carried into the breakfast room; on the third he saw the foreign postmark, and recognized the handwriting of Captain Davenal. And, as Neal turned this about in his hand, he became aware of a curious fact—that it was open.

That is, the envelope was not fastened down. The captain's seal was upon it in wax, but it did not serve to fasten it. Whether that young officer, who was given to carelessness, had sealed it in this insecure manner, or whether it had come open in the transit, was of no consequence: it was certainly not closed now.

The temptation proved too strong for Mr. Neal. It happened that he had a motive, a particular motive, apart from his ordinary curiosity, for wishing to see the contents of this letter. He had chanced to overhear a few words spoken between the doctor and his daughter some days previously—words which Neal could not understand, or, as he expressed it to himself, make top or tail of; but they referred to Captain Davenal, and created the strongest possible wish in Neal's mind to take a bird's-eye view of the first letter that should arrive from the gallant officer. Neal had not at all seen his way clear to get the peep; but it appeared now that fortune had graciously dropped the means gratuitously into his hands. And the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

Hastily reasoning within himself (the best of us are too prone to reason on our own side of the question, ignoring the other) that in all probability the breakfast-room had not seen or heard the postman, as the man had kept on *his* side the garden, and had not rung at the door, Neal risked it, and carefully drew the letter from the envelope.

A small coin note, addressed to Miss Sara Davenal, dropped out of it. Neal was too busy to pick it up: his eyes were feasting on the commencing words of Captain Davenal to his father.

"Neal, are there no letters?"

The interrupting voice was the doctor's: it was that stern question which you heard him utter; and Neal, in an awful fluster, popped the open letter and the thin one under a dish-cover. There was no help for it: he might not delay; he dared not take the letter in, open. So he carried in the other two in his hand, having looked in vain for his customary waiter.

It passed off well enough. Neal returned to the pantry, and finished the perusal of the captain's letter. Then he refolded it, the note inside as before, which he had *not* opened, and amended the fastening with a modicum of sealing-wax, dropped artistically underneath the old seal.

He was at his wits' end how to convey the letter to the doctor, so that no suspicion might rest upon himself. Suppress it he dare not, for the postman could have testified to its delivery when inquiries were made. He was coming to the conclusion that the best way would be to put it amidst the shrubs, as if he or the postman had dropped it, and let somebody find it and convey it to Dr. Davenal, when the postman's knock at the hall door aroused him.

"I don't know how I came to overlook this," said the man, handing in a letter. "It had got slipped among the others somehow, and I didn't find it till I was ever so far down the street."

If ever Neal believed in the descent of special favors from the clouds, he believed in it then. The letter, brought back by the postman, was directed to Watton. Neal carried it to his pantry, deposited the other upon his silver waiter, and took it to the breakfast-room.

"How's this?" cried the doctor.

"The letter-man carried it away with him, sir; by some mistake, he says," answered Neal with a steady tongue and unflinching eye.

"Stupid fellow!" cried the doctor. But he spoke in a good-natured tone. None, save he, knew how glad he was to see the handwriting of his son.

And when Neal carried down the breakfast-things he coolly told Watton there was a letter for her lying in his pantry, which had come by the morning post.

"You might have brought it down," was Watton's answer.

"So I might," civilly remarked Neal. "I laid it there and forgot it."

(To be continued.)


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.


Rejected Communications.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

### The Sewing Machine Premium Withdrawn.

Our offer of a Sewing Machine as a Premium is withdrawn for the present. This notice applies to the Lady's Friend as well as to the Post.

## OUR PROSPERITY.

The advance in the Bank of England's rate of discount to nine per cent. on Thursday, May 5th, will have the effect of increasing their imports of gold, and will cause the foreign banking firms to increase the amount of their balances in Europe, and to remit up more closely. Bankers and merchants in Europe are acting with extreme caution. They view with uneasiness the political and financial condition of affairs in Europe and on the American continent.

England is at peace, and yet her moneykings are aware of breakers ahead, and are forcing the business men to take in sail by increasing the rate of interest to nine per cent.—more than double the usual rate.

America is in the midst of one of the most awful and desolating wars of which the history of the world bears record, and yet we see the rate of interest down to five and six per cent., money apparently abundant, speculation rampant, an extent of private extravagance never before surpassed, and no one appearing to believe that financial breakers can be seen by the keenest eye, from the tallest mast-head.

Verily it seems to us that there are thousands of loyal business men, to whom the non-success of our arms is almost unknown to themselves, a cause of gratification rather than of sorrow—inasmuch as non-success signifies further issues of government paper, a further advance of the prices of gold and stocks, further and madder speculations of all kinds, further and larger army contracts, and, in one word, a further increase of what seems to them prosperity and wealth.

Talk with these men, and you cannot convince them of the unreal character of the present apparent prosperity. Each man thinks that even though it be unreal as a whole, it is real enough in his own particular case. There will be no headache to compensate for the week's carouse—or he at least will not have any. The return to the usual condition of things will be so gradual that nobody will be much inconvenienced—or he at least will not be.

Ah, when madness rules the hour, and the great majority of men are insane, it is the sane man who is deemed the monomaniac. He is considered an "old-fogy" and a "croaker" who calmly points out that the soap-bubble, though reflecting for a time the most gorgeous and beautiful colors, has no solid substance, and is liable to collapse at any moment—will certainly collapse if it be blown too thin.

War cannot be carried on at a great expense forever, and the cost continue to the end to be counted not only a bagatelle and a joke, but a positive source of financial prosperity. Spending borrowed money was always easy—but pay-day, and an end of borrowing, ever did come, ever will come. Let the war go on, or let it close, it will make no difference—save that the higher the balloon has mounted, the more serious will be the effect of the fall.

We know we are talking to hosts of unbelievers. "These times," they say, "are exceptional." But we ask, was there ever a time of monetary inflation which was not, in the opinion of the great majority who thought they were profiting by it, also exceptional? In the last great expansion, which arose from the discovery of gold in California, how potently this argument was put. "The rise of prices," it was argued, and with much force, "was based upon an increase of the precious metals, not of paper, and therefore would be permanent and real." But the same old national headache followed the same old national "drunk;" and gold dollars were just about as hard to get as they were before the California deposits were discovered.

"What has been shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun." Singular indeed would it be if a great war could take place, involving an immense destruction of the most active and vigorous and valuable life of the land, besides destruction of millions upon millions of the old results of industry, and waste of millions upon millions in addition, and non-production of millions upon millions to add to that—and yet the result be increased national wealth and prosperity. Depend upon it that the burden of this war will, sooner or later, surely chafe the national neck—and when a free people suffers, that class must be peculiarly fortunate which manages to escape from sharing its due proportion of the affliction.

## THE LADIES' COVENANT.

In the report of the meeting of ladies held in New York city, we find the following:

It was at last arranged, after the meeting had voted to reconsider the pledge just adopted, that all the gentlemen, except the reporters, should withdraw and leave the matter in the hand of the ladies' Executive Committee. On this being done, after considerable confusion, the following pledge was submitted to the meeting and carried unanimously:

"We, the undersigned, during the continuance of this rebellion, pledge ourselves to refrain from the purchase of imported articles of luxury for which those of home manufacture or production can be conveniently substituted."

It will be noticed that there is nothing in the above pledge restricting its signers from indulging in just as much luxury and extravagance as before. They only promise that in buying articles of *luxury* they will purchase those of home manufacture, when they can be "conveniently" obtained. Fora McFlimsey herself might sign so worthless and inefficient a covenant.

## CHILDREN'S CONCERT.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

On Wednesday evening, the 18th, there was a children's concert at the Musical Fund, and looking at the sweet young faces, all so earnest and inspired with the thought of what they were doing to aid in the terrific struggle of their country against wrong, I remembered Æsop's fable of the mouse whose tiny teeth freed the lion from its snare, and made the more beautiful application of an hundred young voices loosening with their melody the bonds of pain and discomfort from round the lion-hearted men who suffer in battle for our sakes. That children should be taught what they owe their country is a duty, that they should in their small measure strive to repay the debt, is a still higher one; and not one of these young songstresses will ever forget this paying tribute, in which each "hath done what she could."

The entertainment was offered by the pupils of the Southwest Girls' Grammar School, and was, as it should have been, a simple and unaffected display of the natural abilities of the children, chiefly musical in their character, but interspersed with two or three recitations. There were no failures, a little blushing diffidence in the elder girls was observable once in a while, but that was becoming to their dawning womanhood; and the little ones sang out with all the fearless frankness of childhood, and won torrents of applause to crown their innocent genius with.

No one but a teacher can know the effort it costs to harmonize a large body of children in style, appearance and general conduct, but great as the task is, it had been accomplished in this case. The girls looked well, behaved well, and sang well, not a discordant action or color marred the beauty of the scene.

The same taste that had attained this had suggested a very pretty display in singing a national hymn. At the first word of the chorus the air became alive with flags waving in time with the stirring melody, new life awoke in young voices, whose enthusiasm rendered them thrilling, and the audience responded heartily to this "theme that wakes all hearts."

The concert closed with a sweet and touching tableaux. The good night chorus had been sung, when a little child knelt in the midst of the young band, and clasping her baby hands, put up a prayer for the Union. It was as beautiful and innocent as the pure lips that uttered it, and being made and responded to in all solemnity, will be heard we trust by Him who said "Suffer them to come unto me."

This is a time full of events to be hallowed into sacred recollections for the future. These children will recall these days and bless their part in them. I know a very old lady, so old that she has forgotten almost all else, who still retains a lively memory of the day when she, the youngest of a band of girls, went out to strew roses in the way of Washington as he crossed the Delaware a conqueror. These little ones are sowing theirs now, unpalpable in their bloom, but real in their effect—not so much to reward victory as to smooth the way towards it; and it must be a precious thought to those who are risking "all that a man hath, even his life," that tiny hands at home are uniting to heal their wounds, and care tenderly for the hurts of battle. M. H.

☞ A child died lately in London, of marasmus, produced by swallowing a half-penny a year before.

## THE LADIES AND THE FASHIONS.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Having read an article in the "Post," under the title of the "Ladies' National Covenant," I would offer a suggestion to the ladies that in organizing for the purpose mentioned, it be not only to abstain from foreign importations. As Mr. Lincoln wisely observes, "You have no idea what a hornet's nest you are stirring up." We may find it difficult to to extricate ourselves, if we confine our restrictions to imported articles. Let the sisterhood abstain from purchasing the quantity necessary for the long trails that sweep our thoroughfares, and wipe up the imported juices which the brotherhood so abundantly bestow upon the sidewalks, and we would not only show our disgust for this filthy practice, but evidence to them our willingness to do away with one superfluity at least, on their account, at the same time we would obviate the annoyance to which they are so frequently subjected of watching the flowing skirt lest a misstep of theirs may fasten it to the pavement, or tear it from the waist, either of which mars the beauty and purity of the wearers expensive attire. Truly we may adopt the language of another, and say, "For the good of our country and the honor of our sex, let us redeem ourselves from this reproach of wanton extravagance.

We need not pledge ourselves for "three years, or till the war is over," but for all the time allotted to us, let the practice be adhered to of diminishing the length of our borders, and practicing economy in all things, and we will thus be saved much annoyance and trouble, and allow the mind to find leisure for itself to think and act for others, who are willing to sacrifice much, while their husbands and fathers are exposing their lives for our sakes. Let us be consistent. Let every woman manifest her loyalty by her independence of the restraints of prodigal fashion. There is no reason why this extravagant custom should be *entailed* upon us. Let the reform begin with us, and *eschew* many evils of which we complain in the men with much more consistency than we now do.

If we could impress upon our sisters how unbecoming many of their fashions are to well disciplined minds, I am sure their ever responsive hearts would abandon these follies, and our noble, weary soldiers would be proud of the sacrifices of the wives, mothers and sisters who prove themselves true helpmates by self-denying economy, while they stand as a wall of defence for our liberty and happiness. Let every woman who loves her country begin with herself, and as she is faithful to her duty, suggestions will constantly arise in her mind for an enlargement and continuance of her sphere of economy, and every truly loyal woman will be recognized by the style of her dress, and the mode of her life. It only needs a few of our influential ladies to lead off, and the masses will soon follow. When once the spirit of earnest self-sacrifice is commenced, woman will not cease her efforts till her mission be complete. Let us form a compact for this purpose, and we shall soon convince the world, that while our fathers, husbands and brothers are suffering and dying for us, we will avoid all costly display, attire ourselves in becoming apparel, and evince by our generous conduct that our hearts are in sympathy with the sorrowing families around us. If each one would economise in dress, in jewelry, in luxurious living at home, and in public parties and restaurants, we would more than emulate the noble women of Washington in the work which they have commenced. Let us determine in deliberate council that we do not depend on foreign importations, nor yet on high-priced domestic manufactures, for our adornment, but prove our patriotism by using less in quality and quantity, reducing our expenses to the smallest amount compatible with health and comfort, and invest our savings in government loans, we will soon be entitled to the honorable name of America's noble women. Who will lead? We wait for the Queen Bee.

☞ London Times English.—"The present prospects of the Confederates in this fourth year of the civil war are certainly brighter than they ever were before." Thus the London Times of the 31 inst. begins one of its heavy leaders on the American war. Not less than three blunders are contained in this little sentence. "Present prospects brighter than they ever were" is an absolute "bull." "*This* fourth year of the war" implies another fourth year of the war. "Prospects brighter than they ever were *before*" is a gross pleonasm. We are not surprised at the falsehoods of the Times, but why should it not lie in good English?—*Philadelphia Press.*

☞ A man was lately tried in France for murdering his wife and mother-in-law. "Remember, *MM les Jures*," said the man, who defended himself, "that I am fifty years old, was married very early, and my wife's mother has never left us, and yet I have never done this before." "*MM les Jures*" were not convinced by this guileless defence, and found the man guilty.

☞ A couple got married at Lewiston, a few days since, lived together about twenty-four hours, and then sued for a divorce.

## SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
*N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.*

### Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. E. B. GRIER, *Ch'm'n.*
Mrs. S. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.* } Ex-Officio.
Mrs. P. M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.

The wounded soldiers arriving by thousands at Broad and Prime avenue Citizens' Volunteer Hospital crave pickles. It will be our greatest pleasure to relieve every want of those heroic men.

The untiring energy of those in charge will be severely taxed, and large quantities of stores will be needed. Those disposed to contribute can do so by sending bandages, old muslin, clothing, cotton stockings, vegetable jellies, preserves, or money to 1307 Chestnut street. We will pay all freight, and promptly deliver the articles consigned to us for them.

### What is the Sanitary Commission Doing?

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,
PHILADELPHIA AGENCY,
1307 Chestnut street, May 14 1864.

*To the Editor of the Bulletin:*—For the information of the public, especially those having friends in the army who are reported wounded, as well as to satisfy contributors to the funds of the Commission that their money is properly employed, I beg to enclose an extract from a letter received this morning from the Central Office of the Commission at Washington:

"During the quarter ending March 31st, 1864, supplies have been forwarded to the various stations in this Department to the value of $112 419 54, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| To Washington, | $78,997 42 |
| To New Orleans, | 27 997 01 |
| To Newbern, | 5,728 04 |
| To Beaufort, | 5,357 07 |

In anticipation of the battles now in progress, the Chief Inspector made a requisition for such articles as he considered desirable to have in stock at Washington. They were immediately ordered and sent forward. The estimated value of the goods is $80 000 The following is a list:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1,500 Bed Sacks, | 4,000 Pounds White Sugar, |
| 300 Bed Pans, | 300 Gals. Tamarinds, |
| 4,000 Blankets, | 800 Pounds Black Tea |
| 200 Lanterns, | 300 Pounds Tobacco, (chewing) |
| 30 Oil Silks, (Rolls,) | 1,000 Pounds Tobacco, (smoking) |
| 1,000 Pillows, | 2,000 Clay Pipes, |
| 3,000 Sheets, | 50 Gross Matches, |
| 7,000 Towels, | 800 Bottles Foreign Wine, |
| 4,000 Tin Cups, | 800 Bottles Whiskey, |
| 200 Tin Basins, | 50 Barrels Bandages Rollers |
| 1,000 Tin Plates, | 250 Bottles Bay Rum, |
| 200 Pails, | 250 Bottles Cologne, |
| 5,000 Pairs Drawers, cotton, | 500 Pairs Crutches, |
| 10,000 Pocket Hdkfs, | 250 Pounds Castile Soap, |
| 200 lbs. Chloroform, 1 lb. bottles | 3,000 Sponges, |
| 2,000 Pairs Slippers, | 4,000 Woollen Shirts, |
| 2,500 Socks, woolen, | 7,000 Cotton Shirts, |
| 3,000 Socks, cotton, | 350 Pounds Candles, Stationary, |
| 75 bols. Dried Apples, | 50 Pounds Old Linen |
| 4,000 Beef Stock, | 1,000 Pairs Shoes, |
| 500 Bottles Brandy, | 500 Pieces Mosquito Netting, |
| 2,000 Chocolate, | 50 Rolls Plaster, Adhesive, |
| 2,500 Cans Extract of Coffee, | 1,000 Combs, |
| 10,000 Condensed Milk | 30 Barrels Dried Fruit, |
| 125 bbls. Crackers, | Lemons, |
| 300 Bottles Extract Jamaica Ginger, | Oranges. |
| 3,000 Pounds Farina, | |
| 500 Bottles Lemon Syrup, | |
| 1,500 Lbs. Corn Starch, | |
| 100 Lbs. Mustard | |
| 500 Bottles Jamaica Rum, | |

To meet the wants of the wounded in the columns under command of Major-General B. F. Butler, some forty tons of supplies of all kinds were sent to Norfolk, Va.

A large stock was also collected at Harper's Ferry for General Sigel's forces. Additional agents were sent to this point, as well as to Norfolk.

A heavy reserve stock, valued at $300 000, was stored in our warehouses at Washington.

Seven four-horse wagons, belonging to the Commission, loaded with supplies most needed upon the field of battle, moved with the Army of the Potomac. These are entrusted to experienced agents, who have been long in the field.

Some forty young men, carefully trained for the work, were held in readiness in Washington, to go to the field as an Auxiliary Relief Corps as soon as needed.

A "Reserve Corps" one hundred strong, stood ready to go to the front whenever called upon.

Nine wagons and about forty horses were ready for the transportation of supplies.

On Tuesday the steamboat Mary F. Repley, loaded with some seventy tons of supplies, and having on board about sixty agents of the Commission, the whole under the superintendence of Dr Lewis H. Steiner, Chief Inspector of the Commission for the Army of the Potomac, left this city for Belle Plain. The Repley towed down a large barge, having on board five wagons, twenty-one horses, and necessary forage. On arriving at Belle Plain, tents were pitched, a portion of the goods were passed on to Fredericksburg in the wagons, while the remainder was unloaded and then rapidly sent back to Washington for a fresh supply. A feeding station was immediately established by Dr Steiner, where thousands of men have already been fed.

The day after the Repley left, another barge, having on board four large wagons and seventeen horses, was sent to Belle Plain. Some twenty more agents went the same day.

Dr. Alexander McDonald, Chief Inspector for the Department of North and the Peninsula, was, when last heard from, at "Bermuda Hundred," on James river, with a boat load of Sanitary supplies. The boat contained thirty tons of ice and forty tons of stores. Another load is to go to him in a day or two.

Very respectfully, R. M. LEWIS,
General Superintendent.

## THE SANITARY FAIR BUILDINGS.

The gigantic war in which we are engaged is teaching us the gigantic character of our resources, and how to put forth gigantic efforts to meet gigantic emergencies. We were forcibly struck with this fact, yesterday, on paying a visit to Logan Square, and while taking a bird's eye view of the vast range of temporary buildings which are intended for the Great Central Fair, to be held next month, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. A regiment of workingmen were employed, and their cunning hands were rapidly converting heaps of rough, pine boards into a vast structure, or rather a vast range of structures which almost rivals the architectural proportions and splendor of the fabled palace which the fine "Genius of the Lamp" produced at the bidding of Aladdin. There are ranges of buildings which cover all the walks and some of the grass plots in the enclosure, and they ramify and branch off in a way to bewilder the visitor, although they are all in accordance with carefully laid plans, and when all are completed and in order, the road through them will be "as plain as way to Parish Church." This palace of rough boards is by no means without grace and architectural splendor, the form of some of the buildings being elegant, and when the interior is covered with drapery and adorned with many thousands of flags, the effect will be strikingly grand, without taking into account the glittering stores of articles on exhibition and for sale, and the moving panorama of visitors.

One of the most beautiful features of the arrangement is "Union Avenue," which is formed by a wide structure which runs directly across the square from east to west. It is built in Gothic style, and its ribbed roof, inclosed with the spreading bright green branches of the trees in the square, which have been carefully lowered through the openings in the sides and roof, already presents a beautiful appearance, crude and unfinished as the structure is. There is also a fountain which is rapidly assuming form and character under the hands of the workmen engaged upon it, and we can promise the ladies that this fountain, with its surrounding wealth of plants and flowers (for it will be in the centre of the Horticultural department) will be an immensely popular portion of the Great Fair to them, in the early June days when Flora is so lavish of her bounty.

The figures concerning the dimensions of the respective portions of the Fair buildings are something to ponder over. The main buildings are the Art Gallery on the north side, running the whole length of the Square, 500 feet, and 80 feet wide. On the south side there is a space of 90 feet for carriages; 120 feet for cabinet ware and musical instruments; 80 feet for a stage and exhibition room; 40 feet for a children's department. All of these occupy the south side and extend north 30 feet. On Nineteenth street spaces of 250 feet by 30 wide have been allotted to New Jersey and Delaware. On Eighteenth street the department for furs, hats, and caps, occupies 30 by 30 feet; paper hangings, etc., 65 feet; bookseller's department, 25 feet; importation, 25 feet; iron mongery, 25 feet; umbrellas, canes, etc., 30 feet; carpetings, 50 feet; architectural designs, 30 feet; millinery department 35 feet, glass ware, 50 feet; wines and liquors, 25 feet; tobacco, 50 feet. All these departments are located on the Eighteenth street side. In the centre of the Square will be located numerous other departments, the principal of which will be Union avenue, 500 by 64 feet. There will also be a Turkish Divan, 40 by 30 feet, and a Post office in the centre of the ground. The Horticultural Department will be a circular building 190 feet in diameter, and will be furnished with a fine pond as well as a fountain. The restaurant building will be of the same size, and will be connected with the kitchen and other necessary outbuildings. At the distance of every twelve feet in each building there will be a window fifteen feet high and four feet wide. The main buildings, if placed in a straight line, would stretch one and a half miles.

Most of the buildings are under roof; in some carpenters are at work putting up shelves and counters; while in others workmen are employed in covering the ceilings with canvass, &c. The vast extent of the buildings is only proportioned to the great object of the Commission which the Fair is intended to aid. We have no doubt that its success will be commensurate with both, and worthy of the community under whose auspices the grand humanitarian effort is to be made.

### DONATIONS.

MONDAY, May 16th, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

Ladies' Aid, Rockborough, 1 pkg., Mrs. N. L. Jones, Pres't; Ladies' Aid, Hillsgrove, Sullivan co., Mrs. M. W. Lippincott, 1 box; Mrs. Jacob Carver, 1627 Locust st, 1 pkg.; a lady, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss Clara C. Gries, Sec'y, 5 boxes, 1 bbl of potatoes, 2 firkins pickles; 1 pkg. old clothing, donor unknown; Mrs. Rhea Barton, wool socks; St. Mark's Lutheran church, Miss E. W. Mayer, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Messrs. John Gibson, Son & Co. 238 S. Front st., 1 bbl bay rum; Ladies' Aid, Danville, Montour co., Miss M. A. Montgomery, Treas., 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Pottsville, Schuylkill co., Miss A. Silliman, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Margaret Garrett, West Chester, 1 pkg.; Chester Co. Central Aid, West Chester, Rachel S. Price, Sec'y, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 1 box; Mrs. H. D. Barton, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Towanda, Bradford co., Miss Eliza Overton, Sec'y, 1 box; Miss R. Stevens, Princeton, N. J., 40 handkerchiefs; School No. 2, Tyrone, Blair co.; West Philadelphia hospital, empty jars, cans; School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Wrightstown, Bucks co., Miss L. Sackett Sec'y, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Milton, Northumberland co., M. L. Lawson, Sec'y, 1 box; 8 boxes, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, donor unknown; Chatham Aid Society, Reuben Morse, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., Mrs. H. D. Barton, Sec'y, 2 boxes; 3 bags, 1 box, donor unknown; Weldon Aid society, Jenkintown, Montgomery co., Mrs. Russell Smith Sec'y, 5 boxes 1 bbl., 1 box lemons; 1 box Hughsville; Reading Ladies' Aid, Berks co., Miss C. Gries, Sec'y, 1 box; Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Chester co., S. A. Conard, Sec'y, 1 box.

NEW JERSEY.

Ladies' Aid, Westfield, Burlington co., N. J., M. E. Stokes, Sec'y, 2 boxes; Woolwich Aid Society, Swedesboro', N. J., Mary B. Garrison, Sec'y, 1 box.

☞ The Supreme Court of Constantinople has prohibited the use of hasheesh, a narcotic drug, much esteemed by Turks, except by physicians as a medicine.

## RAISING CHILDREN.

FROM DR. HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

I have never lost a child, and it seems to me, if one of my four were to die, the sun would never shine to me again—at least never as brightly as before—and that a pall would hang over all that made life desirable. I know that time soothes every sorrow, and takes off the sharp edge of the most heart-crushing afflictions; but still sad thoughts would hover mournfully over the departed; coming unbidden even in the press of business; on the crowded street; in the gay assembly.

Next to the great calamity of a lost child, is the torture of having one before your eyes every day of your existence the victim of some slow disease, of some incurable malady, of some eating, painful, fatal ailment, or some distressing or humiliating deformity. All my children were born apparently delicate, except the last; they seemed to me like wax-work; almost too frail to be handled; but all were free from blemish or deformity. Two things were in their favor: they were born of healthy parents, and hadn't much sense; of which latter I have always felt particularly glad, in view of the fact that the "smarter" a child is, the brighter its intellect, the more certain it is to die early of brain disease; if not, the chances are that the intellect will wane early; will not answer the expectations formed of it; or if it does, and practical life is reached, genius and magnificent abilities do not add to the probabilities of domestic happiness of success in life, or a very enjoyable existence.

Genius is erratic, whether in man or woman, and is always precipitating its possessor into all sorts of "fixes," of the unpleasurable kind; geniuses, magnificent minds, generally die drunk or mad; die early, from the effects of opium, liquor, or tobacco. My own personal observation bears me out in the saying, that persons of moderate mental calibre, of medium capacities, are most likely to live long, live healthfully, live happily, and live successfully, whether as to making a comfortable living, or having a solid influence in society.

It may be suggestive to remark, in passing, how singularly children "take after," and don't take after their parents, one or both. Of my four, who are between the ages of nine and sixteen, none take after their parents in what is called smartness, that quality having been monopolized by their father and mother, while all of them are good-looking, and are growing up to be comely, a quality which neither parent ever pretended to, unless in a fit of insanity. But the good health of the parents has descended to all the children; the measure of it may be expressed by the fact, that from the first day of September last until this present first day of August, neither of the four has lost a meal from sickness, and all four have not lost half a dozen days from school during the ten months' session. No kind of wind or weather, rain, hail, sleet, or snow, has been allowed as an excuse for not going to school, which is just one mile and three-quarters from their home. This may be more fully appreciated when it is remembered that to reach school by nine requires to breakfast at seven of a winter's morning, which must be done by gas light. "Father," said our little Alice the other day, as we were taking our morning walk toward school, "I have been going to school three years, and have never been late once"—the word "late" meaning, being there in time to go into the recitation-room precisely at nine. All are required to be at the breakfast-table not later than seven in mid-winter, without being called, or "rung up." This throws them on their own resources, makes them self-reliant, and is not a hardship—for there is a clock, as well as a thermometer, in every occupied room in the house; and when a routine is once fallen into, which is shown to be convenient and advantageous to all the household, it becomes almost as easy to do right as wrong; besides, when a thing is looked upon as having to be done as a matter of course, it is no longer the burden or hardship that it might at one time have been considered to be. And it is greatly to be regretted that this idea is not better understood in families.

These details, and others to be mentioned, are not given as proof positive, that the healthfulness of my children is the result of my management; for there may have been quite as much health in other families of the same size, age, and general circumstances; still, some of the observances must have contributed more or less to such a gratifying result; and it is certainly a great happiness to have not an hour's sickness in a growing family, for months and years together. As to eating, breakfast is taken at seven o'clock the year round, a plain luncheon is carried to school, to be eaten at 12 M.; they are dismissed at three, and by four o'clock, sit down to dinner, and nothing more is allowed until breakfast next morning; the arrangement for eating was adopted as the best under the circumstances, in connection with the school; otherwise, the old-fashioned plan of early breakfast, dinner at noon, and supper in the evening, seems to be the most rational and convenient. All eating, except at breakfast, school-lunch at noon, and dinner at four o'clock, is discouraged, because it occasions unnecessary trouble in the house; but more than all, to prevent that irregularity of eating at regular meals, which is an inevitable result of a permission to eat between times. Besides, if a child is allowed to eat between meals, he is very sure, sometimes to eat so heartily as not to be much hungry at the following regular meal, the result soon being that he is hungry only between meals, while at the regular hours for eating with the family, he is merely a nibbler, and soon gets to eating half a dozen times a day, and at no one time much; the result is, there is no real vigorous appetite for solid substantial food, consequently the strength is not sustained; instead of running about the house cheerily, he sits, and lolls, and mopes, and lounges about in listless indifference and fretfulness, which in turn grows to a settled unloveliness, throwing a cloud over the whole family. But this is not all; it is known to be a fact, that three-fourths of all who die of consumption, trace the beginnings of their troubles to their "teens." And it is very naturally brought on thus: Irregular eating induces irregular bodily functions; take away the vigorous appetite, and, as above stated, ends in an indisposition to exercise; this, in turn induces debility of body and lassitude of mind. Such persons always take cold easily; easily fall into any kind of sickness which may happen to prevail, simply from a want of vigor to repel the most ordinary causes of diseases; hence, as it requires but a little to make them sick, they are almost all the time ailing in some way or other, and eventually become confirmed invalids; the sons thereby to become discouraged; and the daughters, if they live to marry, need nursing from the beginning; are unfit to keep house; are a constant drag to the husband, instead of an aid in becoming thrifty and prosperous; and all ending too often in domestic indifference, or a feeling of discouragement, venting itself in the expression, "It isn't worth while for me to try and lay up anything;" and when a man arrives at such a conclusion, he is practically lost to society as far as becoming a prosperous and influential business man is concerned.

But if a child by frequent eating comes to the table with but an ill flavored appetite, an inevitable result is, that it has no relish for plain, substantial, nourishing food; it don't like this, and don't want that, and objects to the other usual stand-bys on the table; then comes the complaint, that this "isn't good," and that "ain't nice;" and the foundation is laid for that hateful, fretful, complaining, repining habit, which in a man is contemptible, and in woman a degradation.

Nor is this the only evil of so arranging the eating that children shall very often come to the table without a vigorous appetite, for as soon as the mother observes it, she becomes apprehensive that the child is about to be sick, and that if it does not eat, it will become weak and soon be confined to bed; and her imagination running riot, lays the child in the grave in a few days; in order to prevent this, she reasons thus: when the child was well it ate heartily, and if it can be got to eat heartily it will be well again; therefore she sets her wits to work to get up various delicacies to tempt the child to eat heartily, and as a matter of course precipitates an unfavorable result, by forcing food on the system in a measure, when it is not called for, thus oppressing the vital powers more and more, and prematurely exhausting the recuperative energy; making it absolutely more certain that the child will get really sick, and if it does, proportionally diminishes the chances of recovery. The true plan, most especially with children, and one which would avert, at the very least, one half of their sickness is, the very moment the appetite is noticed to be not so good as it was, compel the child to take one half less than it is really inclined to; thus, by diminishing the labor of the stomach, it has a chance to rest, to recover its energy, when the appetite begins at once to return, and the child is well. A grand rule would this be for persons of all ages, but it takes a man of force of character to do this; the pampered, the self-indulgent, the undecided, feeble-minded folk are altogether inadequate to such a feat of moral courage. Many an attack of illness might be warded off from children by the exercise of a very little attention and firmness. If a child wakes up in the morning and calls for a drink of water the first thing, such child is perfectly certain to be sick before noon. (Very doubtful this—*Ed. Post.*) The course to be pursued, is to keep him in bed, and by warm drinks promote perspiration, eating nothing whatever until the afternoon, when he may amuse himself by nibbling at some cold, dry bread, and the next day he will be about again; otherwise, a breakfast will be eaten, fever comes on, vomiting, and several days' illness.

If a child is allowed to eat what he wants at supper, he will in less than a week have very little appetite for breakfast; the next step is to feel hungry two or three hours later; this again interferes with the appetite for dinner, and in a short time all system and regularity in eating is destroyed, inducing insensibly and always general ill-health. Mothers generally are incapable of exercising the requisite degree of firmness, in compelling their children to take light suppers—that is, a cup of warm drink and a piece of cold bread and butter. The easiest way to bring this about, is never to have anything else on the table, and whenever children, as they certainly will, until better trained, exhibit any dissatisfaction, by word or sign, or expression of countenance, on entering the supper-room, let it be met with a simple and quiet requisition to go at once to bed, without any supper at all.

With the ordinary routine of provision on the table it is well to let children eat as much as they want; they will seldom take too much for breakfast or dinner, but when a new dish comes on the table, whether one just learned from a neighbor, on the first of the season, any child that seems to be particularly fond of it, should be restricted to a small amount, which may be gradually increased from day to day; otherwise, the child is very certain to gorge himself, be sick, and then never like that dish afterward. It is an inexcusable tyranny to require children to eat or drink what they have no relish for; better let them consult their instincts. We have only to appreciate the unreasonableness of this forcing process, and its hardship, by trying to compel ourselves to swallow what we have no relish for.

Most parents find a constantly recurring difficulty in getting their children off to bed in season at night; all of them have a disinclination to retiring early. But it is of the most importance to make an iron rule in the household in that respect, at least as to every child going to school. There can be no health without it, for two reasons: the eyes will soon become inflamed and sore, and by not getting sleep enough, the brain does not work with activity; it takes hold of the lessons with reluctance, as it were, all study becomes a bore, the child falls behind, or, in his efforts to keep up with the class, especially if a girl, brain fever or some other malady supervenes, and days and weeks are lost at school, and sometimes even life itself. Children should be required to go to bed at an early hour that they may wake up of themselves in the morning; this is an indication that they have had all the sleep that nature can take; then they are lively, cheerful, and hilarious all day; but if, from having company, or being out at "meeting," parties, or amusements, they are kept out of bed an hour or two later than usual, they will wake up about the accustomed time, but they are pretty sure to come to the breakfast-table with unbuoyant countenances; there are frowns instead of fun and smiles, and they are very apt to be fretful, captious, or complaining for the whole day afterward. Let it be arranged the year round, that school-children shall wake up at daylight; this will not only prevent the necessity of ruining the eyes by night study, but also the more injurious practice of studying by artificial light in the morning. Several of the associates of our daughters have permanently weak eyes, yellow matter constantly about the eye-lashes, in consequence of their sitting up to ten and eleven o'clock at night at their books, and every once in a while they are "absent," on the ground of having "sore eyes." We have known two cases of late, where children of thirteen were allowed to sit up until eleven o'clock at night, with the full glare of the gaslight falling on the bright white page; in a very short time they had to lose from one to three weeks. In one case, a girl was required to go to school, day after day, when her eyes were in such a state from night-study, that she could not use them at all, but was merely a listener to the recitations; a barbarity on the part of the teacher and parents of which a savage heart should be ashamed. If parents would systematically attend to one point in reference to their children who are attending school, in addition to regularity in eating and sleeping, to the utmost that nature will take, it would avert an infinite amount of ill from their children in the course of a lifetime; it is simply this, let breakfast be taken sufficiently early to allow them perfect leisure to attend to all the calls of nature before they leave for school. It is perfectly certain that multitudes of children, and even grown persons, lay the foundation for life-long diseases and sufferings, in consequence of neglecting to attend systematically to this suggestion.

☞ There is in England an "Association for Intercessory Prayer." Its operations are carried on by means of a monthly paper, in which the cases of persons who desire the prayers of the subscribers are mentioned under various headings—Anger, Avarice, Pride, Lust, &c. In the April number, among a mass of sins, the committers of which desire the intercession of its readers, is that "a lady attempted to act as a spiritual medium."

☞ Bayard Taylor is engaged on a new novel of American life, which will be published early in the ensuing autumn. He has lately revised his poems for a complete edition in the favorite "blue and gold" series of volumes. It will be illustrated with a new portrait, which is now being engraved in London.

☞ The Pope has ordered Monsignor Talbot to translate the English farce of "Box and Cox."

☞ One hundred and forty French clerical gentlemen have met to afford M. Guizot the benefit of their opinions in producing his new work. It will be a sort of unanimous protest against Renan.

## LATEST NEWS.

The Army of the Potomac had no fighting on Friday. In the fight on Tuesday our killed and wounded numbered 1 100. The rebel loss is estimated at 1 250 in killed and wounded, and 450 in prisoners. Sixty citizens of Fredericksburg have been arrested as hostages for our wounded soldiers sent to Richmond.

General Grant commenced his movements to dislodge Lee from Southeylvania on Friday evening. The details are not yet published, for military cause. The movement is so far successful. Longstreet started his corps for the south within two hours after Hancock's advance. Ewell left a day later. Gen Hancock has joined Lee. We occupy Guinness and Milford stations and the south bank of the Mattapony.

On Saturday it was discovered that Lee had retreated towards the North Anna, and Grant resumed his line of march upon Richmond, having at the last accounts, reached Bowling Green, which is near the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad some distance south-east of Spotsylvania, in Caroline county, forty miles from Richmond.

General Butler communicated with the War Department at ten o'clock on Friday night. He had been fighting all day, the enemy endeavoring to close in on our lines. He spoke confidently of holding his position.

Gen. Crook's command, a Cincinnati dispatch states, is slowly falling back, after accomplishing its object most thoroughly. The East Tennessee Railroad has been damaged beyond repair for three months. Gen Jenkins who was captured, has since died of his wounds.

General Sherman found large quantities of provisions and seven foundries at Rome. Two good bridges and an excellent ford across the Etowah have been secured. The army is to take two days to replenish from its stores, which are arriving at Kingston.

Gen Canby was at the mouth of Red river on the 14th, gathering forces to assist Banks. He confirms the previous report that the gunboats, excepting two, had passed the falls below Alexandria.

Gen. Birney's expedition up the St. John's river, Florida, has been very successful. One thousand head of cattle, some horses and other valuable property have been captured.

The rebel iron clad North Carolina has been wrecked near Wilmington.

The steamer America, from Southampton on the 11th, arrived at New York Sunday morning. The Conference has agreed to a suspension of hostilities for one month from the 12th of May on condition that the blockade of the German ports should be raised. The Austrians were badly beaten in the late naval engagement.

☞ An Iowa editor has fallen heir to an estate worth one and a half millions. Of course he'll retire. Just fancy a man worth that sum writing a puff of a patent clothes pin, or Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup!

☞ NOBLE AND PATRIOTIC WOMEN.—A great sale of Polish jewelry is to take place soon in Paris. It is a collection of four thousand valuable articles of jewelry sent by the patriotic women of Poland to further their own great cause by raising funds to continue the war, and doubtless to raise sympathy by the sight of these jewels, which will speak eloquently of their sufferings and of their patriotism.

☞ So many persons accustomed to the use of the rifle have gone to the war that game of all descriptions has multiplied wonderfully within the last three years in the New England states. Many trout brooks in Massachusetts which were supposed to be barren of this luscious fish are now filled with them. Deer have been left unmolested so long that in Western New York they approach very near to the habitations. Perhaps even the dodo may reappear.—*Boston Gazette.*

☞ At Gloucester, Rhode Island, Mr. Elisha Herrenden, aged eighty-three, recently married Mrs. Eleanor Lathure, aged eighty-eight, being his eighth wife.

☞ A dispatch from St. Louis says that Captain Todd, cousin of Mrs. Lincoln, and formerly Confederate Provost Marshal at Alexandria, has arrived within the Federal lines with his family, and given himself up.

☞ CRUEL PROCEEDING.—The skin of the astrakan, which is so much the fashion in Paris, and is so excessively dear, is procured in all its beauty by killing the black sheep that is bearing young, and skinning the lamb thus untimely born, as the skin is thus rendered beautifully fine. The Japanese lately compared the English to the most barbaric natives of the earth. They had not heard of this fashion of *les Francais* we presume.

☞ AN AWFUL STATEMENT.—The Paris Police report over ten thousand dead newborn infants having been found at the gratings of the reservoir into which the sewers empty, during the past year. And yet we boast of modern civilization.

☞ Kindness is a language that even the dumb brutes can understand.

☞ SCIENTIFIC DISTINCTION!—When men are together they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

☞ The greatest of all cunning is to appear blind to the snares laid for us; men being never so easily deceived as when they are endeavoring to deceive others.

☞ If we take a cold blooded creature to our bosom, better that it should sting us at once and we should die, rather than its chill should slowly steal into our hearts.

☞ Inscribe injuries on sand, and benefits on marble.

☞ Queen Victoria has nine children, aged respectively 23 22 20, 19 17, 15, 14, 10, and 6. Five girls and four boys. Three are married.

## APRIL.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The strange sweet days are here again,
The happy-mournful days;
The songs which tremble on our lips
Are half complaint, half praise.

A sadness in the softened air,
And in the tenderer sky;
A touch of heart-ache everywhere;
We weep, yet know not why.

The wind is full of memories;
It whispers low and clear
The sacred echoes of the past,
And brings the dead more near.

The breath of budded hyacinths
Is heavy on the breeze;
The peach-tree twigs are strung with pink
And murmurous with bees.

Swing, robin, on the budded sprays,
And sing your blithest tune,—
Help us across these homesick days
Into the joy of June!

—*Portland Transcript.*

## THE CAVE.

### A CLERGYMAN'S TALE.

It is many years ago, probably about the date of your birth, my average reader, that I learned what I am about to tell you. At that time, there stood on the north-west coast of Ireland a building known as Kyarlin Castle. The greater part of it was very ancient; and the remainder had been built not less than one hundred and fifty years. I had commenced that pursuit, the taste for which remains with me to this day—namely, the search after antiquities capable of throwing light on the early history and customs of our ancestors. It happened, that while I was talking with a man who had been collecting kelp on the beach, he pulled out a piece of greenish-looking metal. To a man who regarded it with an uneducated eye, there was nothing in the appearance of it to give it any value; but I saw at once it was an axe of the bronze period. Finding he had picked it up on the shore, I spent as much of my time as I could spare for some weeks afterwards in making search beneath the cliffs for other relics of a similar kind. I was one day so absorbed in studying the appearance of certain stones that lay on the beach, and which, for reasons I will not go into now, I thought were the remains of one of the most ancient of the Celtic edifices that have been discovered, that I did not notice how high the tide had risen, till it came washing among the stones I was examining. I looked round quickly, and saw, with a very uncomfortable sensation, that the sea already reached the cliffs I had passed. To escape that way before the tide would carry me off my legs, and beat me against the rocks, was, I know, impossible. Hope lay in going onwards, and finding an opening in the cliffs before the tide had risen much higher. I stumbled along as fast as I could go over the slippery sea-weed; but the sea was surging and foaming against the rocks so strongly that I found it difficult to make any progress at all. Looking ahead, I could see no sign of a break in the cliffs, and I was about to resign myself to death, when I arrived opposite a cave which seemed to have been worn by the waves during storms. Looking into this little cave, I observed that the line of sea-weed on the fragments of rock indicated that during ordinary tides it was not filled by the sea. To go forward, seemed certain death, to remain here gave at least a hope of escape. Hastily deciding in favor of the cave, I entered; and to shield myself from the surf as much as possible, immediately began piling up the pieces of rock and sea-weed so as to make as effectual a barrier as was in my power between me and it. After enduring a long period of painful suspense, I saw with fervent thankfulness the setting in of the ebb. I was calculating the chances of my being able to reach a certain point in the cliffs by which I might ascend from the beach before it became dark, when I was suddenly startled by hearing a voice, which seemed to be at my elbow, say: "Here is another blanket for you. It is more than you deserve; but I will not deny you any physical comfort I permit myself to enjoy."

A weaker voice, but also that of a female, replied: "Oh, my lady, let me but see the blessed sunlight again, and I will not care for clothes or food. Think of the years I have suffered in this dark place."

To which the first speaker answered in a passionate tone: "And what have your sufferings been compared to mine? Have I any hope of escape from mine, you wretched woman? Nay, does not every day that adds to my weakness increase the pains I suffer, by making me feel more acutely the want of sympathy of which I have been deprived through you?"

The dull sound of a closing door, and a low moaning which followed, was all that I heard afterwards. To find words which could give you any idea of my utter astonishment, is impossible. Though dark, the cavity was so small at the upper end that I could satisfy myself by feeling, almost without stirring from the spot whereon I was seated, that there was no opening from it, and certainly that no other person was present in it besides myself. After much reflection, the truth began to dawn upon my mind; the only building along that part of the coast which lay close to the edge of the cliff was Kyarlin Castle, and that the voices came from inmates of that building, I was the more induced to believe by the words "my lady," which, though they did not imply that the person addressed bore that title, yet showed she was a person of some distinction. Of course, you think I at once opened a conversation with the person imprisoned; but I did nothing of the kind. At that time, every family of the least influence living in the remoter parts of Ireland had individuals hanging about them capable of any act of violence on the slightest intimation from any member of the family, or even from a confidential servant, that it would be agreeable to them. In my case, caution was especially necessary, as I was the minister of the small proportion of the inhabitants of the surrounding district who professed Protestantism, and was therefore more than usually obnoxious to those who adhered to the creed I considered it my duty to do my utmost to supplant. Moreover, I did not know how far I might be acting rightly in aiding the escape of the imprisoned woman. For the present, therefore, I determined on doing nothing; and crept as quietly as possible out of the cavity, and walked home. The next day I returned in the same direction; and when I reached the castle, I stooped down, and pretended to pick up a stone, which I threw down on the beach; but the stone I threw down I had painted before I left home, so that I should distinguish it readily among those which lay on the shore. From this place I walked slowly on till I reached the cleft by which I had ascended the previous evening, down which I scrambled to the beach, and turned back to the cave. Close to the entrance I found the colored stone, which confirmed my conjecture that the excavation adjoined an apartment in Kyarlin Castle. I went in with as little noise as possible, as it was now low water, and there was no sound to drown any I might chance to make. I listened, but all was silent. At last I determined to risk a question; and putting my head close to the loose stones at the spot from whence the voices seemed to issue, I asked: "Is there anybody shut up in there?"

A low cry followed, and a woman said: "Oh, do, for Heaven's sake, let me out!"

There was an expression of such eager entreaty in the voice, that joined to what I had heard the day before, decided me on assisting her to escape, and thus giving her a chance of appealing to the law for protection, or, on the other hand, of compelling those who had imprisoned her here to continue her punishment in a legal manner, if there were any just ground for inflicting it. After a few more questions, I told her I would come back at the ebb of the tide that evening and release her. The operation was not a difficult one. The removal of some loose stones made an opening into a cell on a level with the beach, and through this I dragged her. The night was dark enough to make walking along the shore difficult, but it screened us from observation, if any one happened to be abroad in the neighborhood of the road we were obliged to follow to get to my cottage, which was the only place to which I could take her. Here I gave her in charge to Esther, the old woman who waited upon me. I followed them into the kitchen; but though there was no light there beyond that given by a tallow-candle and the turf-fire, the stranger covered her eyes with her hands, from inability to endure the pain it caused. She was a woman in appearance about forty years of age, with a complexion so intensely white, that I was reminded of Lot's wife after her conversion into salt. I asked no questions that evening, and what I subsequently learned from her was confirmed by Mrs. Meyrick of Kyarlin Castle, upon whom I considered it my duty to call with the aim of inducing her to make some provision for the poor victim of her passion. From other sources too, and at different periods, I heard other matters relating to the case, which enables me to give the following narrative in a connected form:

Catherine Mostyn was the daughter of a man who had succeeded to a large but encumbered estate, and by a continuance of the same careless extravagance which he had been accustomed to see from his youth upwards, he had, by the time his daughter had completed her seventeenth year, reduced himself to a condition in which he was scarcely anything better than the steward of the estate nominally his own. Just about this time, Henry Meyrick returned from St. Omer, where he had been for several years living with a priest, who had been his instructor from his youth. His age was then twenty-two, and having neither father nor mother, it was supposed that he would not long remain at Kyarlin Castle, especially as the man who had been appointed by the executors to manage the estate attached to it had proved himself both honest and able. Shortly after his return to Ireland, Mostyn, as one of his nearest neighbors, and who had known him before he had been sent to France, called on him, and invited him to his house. Here, of course, he became acquainted with Kate Mostyn. She was remarkable for her exceeding loveliness, which was almost equalled by her pride, and the cold severity, almost sternness of her manner. Much of this latter may have been engendered by poverty, acting on a naturally proud and haughty character, and the continual discontent arising out of a comparison of her actual condition with what it might have been. Henry Meyrick soon became so deeply attached to her, that nobody was surprised when it was announced that the day had been fixed for their marriage. When this event took place, they went abroad for a few months, Mrs. Meyrick having never been out of Ireland previously. They had not long returned to Kyarlin Castle, before it was a matter of common talk that he saw only with her eyes. Childishly fond as Mr. Meyrick was of his wife, and submissive as this led him to be to all her whims and fancies, he was not altogether without firmness of character in his dealings with men; and if he had remained a free man three or four years after his separation from his tutor, instead of falling in love immediately, and marrying shortly afterwards, he might have acquired experience, which would have prevented the occurrence of the evils which wrecked his own and his wife's happiness, and cruelly injured one I firmly believe to have been an innocent victim.

Mrs. Meyrick was devotedly attached to her husband, but she was exacting in the extreme in the testimonies of his affection, and jealous of every woman to whom he paid the slightest attention. Her attendant was about the same age as herself, an Englishwoman she had engaged in London on her way to the continent. This girl being of lively and engaging manners, and very pretty, was a great favorite with her mistress, and for this reason probably was treated by her master with a degree of familiarity not very surprising, considering their youth, and the extent to which circumstances had compelled all three of them to associate during their journey on the continent. Intimacies of such a kind are always dangerous, even if only from misconstruction; and it was exemplified in this instance. Mrs. Meyrick had sent her maid to her husband's study for a book she wanted; but directly after the girl had left her room, she changed her mind, and decided on reading some other. Going to the study, she opened the door, and was about to enter. Meyrick was there and the girl; but what it was which made Catherine close the door again, and turn away with a face so deadly pale, she never told anybody, I believe, unless it might have been her spiritual adviser. She went back to her room, and locked herself in, and when her husband came to her, she would neither open it nor answer him. Finding she remained obstinately silent, he left the castle, and did not return that night, perhaps thinking he would thus bring her to hear reason. It strongly favors the opinion that Mrs. Meyrick was hasty in her conclusions, since her maid did not show any reluctance to go to her mistress when she rang her bell, who, however, refused to allow her to enter the room, and rang again for another servant. That night Jane Wilmot, her maid, disappeared.

The day was still young when Henry Meyrick returned to the castle, after a night spent on the sea-shore. He was almost as white as his wife was when she turned away from his study door the previous day. Walking wearily along the passage leading to this room, he told the man who followed him to bring him some coffee; and throwing his hat into one corner, he was about to sit down to his writing-table, when he saw lying on it a letter, or rather a small packet, addressed to himself in his wife's handwriting. Hastily opening it, he saw, not an offer of forgiveness, for the paper it contained was a blank sheet, but something which seemed to act upon him like the fabled head of the Medusa of old on those who looked on it. When the man entered with the coffee, which was quite half an hour afterwards, he saw his master take something from the table, and thrust it quickly into the breast-pocket of his coat, and then leave the room without touching the coffee, or speaking a single word. He went straight to the stables, put a saddle and bridle on the first horse he came to, without heeding or seeming to hear the offers of a groom to do it for him, and rode off. The groom said afterwards that his master looked like a man who had seen a ghost. A few days afterwards his steward received a letter from him, directing him to forward a certain sum of money at specified periods to a bank in London; and this was the last communication received from him.

The sudden disappearance of Jane Wilmot excited a great deal of talk in the country round. Various rumors were, of course, in circulation to account for it; but that which received the greatest currency, and, for a time, was most generally credited, was that Mr. Meyrick had taken her away with him. Gradually, as the circumstances under which he had left became known, this opinion died away. Before this had happened, however, a young man named William Macarthy, who had inherited a small farm from his father, presented himself at Kyarlin Castle, and requested to see Mrs. Meyrick. At first she refused to see him, but he insisted so strongly, that she could not continue her refusal, and was forced to admit him to an interview. His object in calling on her was to ascertain what had become of Jane Wilmot. He gave no credit to the rumor that she had gone away with Mr. Meyrick, and read some letters he had received from her, proving that he had for a considerable period been paying his addresses to her, and that matters had advanced so far that he had been pressing her to fix the day for their marriage. Under these circumstances it was natural that he should refuse to believe anything to her discredit, or that she could have left the country without communicating with him. The inference he drew, therefore, was, that she was still in the castle. From what I have said of Mrs. Meyrick's character, you will have no difficulty in imagining the kind of reply she would give him. Macarthy, rendered bold by his love for the missing girl, insisted that she would not have left the castle without the knowledge and consent of her mistress, nor without informing him of her intention. Mrs. Meyrick was far too proud even to suggest that her husband had taken the girl away with him. Violent language closed the interview, and Macarthy left with the threat that he would go to a magistrate, and get him to send constables to search the castle.

In the same room with Mrs. Meyrick, when Macarthy entered, was the woman she had selected to be her attendant in place of the English girl. As the language became warmer, this woman, indignant at hearing her mistress spoken to in such terms, and, as was the nature of Irish servants then, at all events in the rural districts, more jealous for her dignity than even her mistress herself, rang the bell, and before Macarthy left, all the servants, and even the supernumeraries who happened to be in the castle at the moment, had assembled about the door and heard his closing threat as he left the room. Nothing but Mrs. Meyrick's repeated orders saved him from violent treatment before he left the castle. As it was, they were ineffectual beyond its walls. William Macarthy was found lying in the road, a few hours later, dead. The number of pieces of lead and other metal found in his body and clothes showed that he must either have been fired at by several guns, or that some peculiar weapon had been used. This latter was the suggestion of a shrewd medical man who examined the body.

Macarthy was a man who had relatives and many friends, and these not of a kind to let his murder pass unpunished. It soon reached their ears that he had left Kyarlin Castle with the intention of applying to a justice to have it searched for the young English girl he was going to marry, and they naturally inferred that the murderer must be some person connected with the family there. To find out who this murderer was, they had recourse to an expedient which I thought had been discontinued generations before. A stage was erected, and on this the body of the deceased was laid on a sheet. The whole of the men-servants employed at Kyarlin Castle were ordered by Mrs. Meyrick to attend the ceremony of touching the body. One by one his friends approached and laid their hands on the chest of the corpse, and so also did every other man present, Mrs. Meyrick's servants remaining till the last. These, in their turn, drew near, and repeated the ceremony in succession, without any result, till a man named Shaw, who was employed at the castle to look after the boats, laid his hand on the deceased's chest in the same manner as the others. Unaccountable as it may appear, the wounds on the instant opened afresh, and blood began to trickle from them on to the bier. The man immediately fell down in a fit, and in this condition was thrown into a cart, and escorted by all the friends of the deceased to the nearest jail. His trial came on in due course, and an attempt was made to elicit from him that he had committed the murder at the suggestion of his mistress, but this he strenuously denied, and averred, what all the other servants could prove, that he separated from the rest of the servants before Macarthy left the room. He added: "I went to the kitchen and took down a blunderbuss that was always hanging there, and loaded it with all the slugs I could find, and filled it up with nails. Then I ran along by the fields, and waited for Macarthy at Nevin's Cross, and shot him as he was passing me." This man was convicted and hung; but Macarthy's death deprived the Englishwoman of the only friend she had in the country, and no further attempt was made to ascertain what had become of her.

Years passed away. Mrs. Meyrick never left the castle for a single day, and showed herself so cold and stern to all who visited her, that nobody cared to repeat their visit, and it was not long before she was left without a single person to converse with; even her father being treated by her in such a manner that he died without a request to see her.

This was the state of things at the time when I assisted the woman to escape from her dungeon. Her story was a very pitiful one, and in substance was soon told. On the night of the day on which her mistress had taken such offence at Jane Wilmot, the girl went to bed, and, though much grieved at what had passed, soon fell into a sound sleep, from which she suddenly awoke, and found her mistress bending over her in the act of tying a handkerchief round her neck. She was so frightened by the expression in her face, that she wanted to cry out; but before she could utter a sound, the knot of the handkerchief was forced into her mouth, and she was made dumb. She tried to raise her hands to pull it out, and found that her arms were fastened at the elbows behind her back. Mrs. Meyrick then turned her on her face, and drew the cord tight till her elbows touched. Having rendered her entirely helpless, she ordered her to get out of bed, and come with her, and this in a tone that made the helpless girl get up as quickly as she could in her condition, and accompany her, all undressed as she was, to the cell from which I had rescued her. Her mistress locked the door, and went away, leaving her in darkness, and trembling with fear and cold. In a few minutes she returned with her servant's clothes, and threw them on the floor, and then the girl saw she had a naked knife in her hand. Almost dead with fright, the terrified woman threw herself on her knees, and entreated her mistress to spare her life. The latter replied not a word, and for a minute stood staring at her with eyes so widely distended, and a face so white and expressionless, that the poor creature before her, who was begging for her life, was seized with a new alarm, believing that her mistress had suddenly gone mad. At this idea, fresh horrors laid hold of her imagination, and the words she was uttering for mercy and pity were frozen on her tongue. Had I not myself seen the evidence of the mutilation, I should hesitate to tell you what followed. The mutilated ear, with the earring still attached, was what had so strongly excited the horror of Henry Meyrick, who, believing that it signified the death of the poor girl at the hands of his wife, could see no other course before him but escape from the country. In the wretched cell in which Jane Wilmot was thrown, she remained two days without food or clothing, for though her clothes lay on the damp floor, she could only partially cover herself with them in consequence of the way in which her arms were fastened. Believing that Mrs. Meyrick was insane, and that she would be left to die of hunger, the girl gave way to despair; and when at last her mistress returned with food, and cut the cord which bound her arms, she was so weak and helpless, that she had not a thought of resistance, and dressed herself, and ate with thankfulness. Year after year, and in total darkness, except at such times as Mrs. Meyrick brought her food, the unfortunate creature suffered in this cell, or in a little one adjoining, where she slept. As for food, she needed so little, that she was never in actual want of it; nor, indeed, did she suffer from any deprivation except that of liberty.

On hearing her story, I was naturally so excited at the cruelty with which she had been treated, that I did not lose an hour before setting out for Kyarlin Castle. Here, after some obstacles had been thrown in my way, I had an interview with Mrs. Meyrick. I reproached her for her cruelty to Jane Wilmot in severe terms, and insisted on her making reparation to the extent of her ability. She readily adopted all my suggestions; and when I compared her present haggard appearance with what I had heard of her wonderful beauty a few years previously, I could not help feeling sorry for her. As a minister of the gospel, I thought it my duty to try and bring about a reconciliation between her and her husband; and when I spoke to her of this, she bowed her head, and sobbed bitterly. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to answer my questions, she, at my request, gave me the address of the bank in London to which the steward forwarded the remittances for his master. On my return home, I wrote a full account of what I had learned to Mr. Meyrick, the liberation of Jane Wilmot, at the desire of his wife to be reconciled to him. Some months had passed when I received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick at Kyarlin Castle; and in the meantime Jane Wilmot had returned to England, too crushed and enfeebled, bodily and mentally, to entertain a thought of bringing her persecutor to justice. I procured for her all the pecuniary compensation she could require, but at the same time I carefully abstained from advising her what to do, thinking it was a matter for herself to decide, and that it was not for me to urge her to accept money in lieu of justice.

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☞ The number of landlords in France in 1851 was 7,846,000, or about one fourth of the population. The land was divided into one hundred and twenty six millions of small fields or farms. One-half of the owners were considered paupers, and thus exempted from taxation. Six hundred thousand of the remainder did not average in taxes paid by them more than one sou, or about a cent, per head. Since 1851 these sub-divisions of property have increased.

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☞ An exchange commenting on the fact that a number of Cincinnati young ladies have been married and carried away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply *spare ribs* for the immense West.

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☞ Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, &c., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

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☞ Masters a little blind and servants a little deaf get along together admirably.

## THE ROSE BUSH.

A child sleeps under a rose bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies
To play with the angels in paradise—
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose bush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest—
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose bush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes—
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose bush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air;
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new-made mound—
And the years glide by.

## PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT.

The farther north we go in voyaging along the Norwegian coast during the months of June and July, the brighter and longer becomes the daylight, until at last you arrive at the regions of perpetual day. The exquisite charm of this novel state of things is utterly beyond the comprehension of those who have not experienced it. Apart altogether from the gladdening influence of sunshine, there is something delightfully reckless in the feeling that there is no necessity whatever for taking note of the flight of time—no fear lest we should, while wandering together, or perchance alone, among the mountains, be overtaken by night. During several weeks we have lived in the blaze of a long nightless day. I do not use hyperbolical language when speaking of this perpetual daylight. During several weeks, after we had crossed the arctic circle, the sun descended little more than its own diameter below the horizon each night, so that it had scarcely set when it rose again, and the diminution of the light was quite insignificant—it did not approach in the slightest degree to a twilight. If I had suddenly awakened during any of the twenty-four hours, in the cabin of the yacht, or in any place from which it was impossible to observe the position of the sun, I could not have told whether it was night or day.—Having said that, it is almost superfluous to add that we could, even in the cabin, read the smallest print at midnight as easily as at noon-day. Moreover, a clear midnight was absolutely brighter than a cloudy forenoon.

Nevertheless, there was a distinct difference between night and day—a difference with which light had nothing to do. I am inclined to think that the incalculable myriads of minute and invisible creatures with which God has filled the inhabited parts, exercise a much more powerful influence on our senses than we suppose. During the day-time these teeming millions, bustling about in the activity of their tiny spheres, create an actual, though unrecognizable noise. I do not refer to gnats and flies so much as to those atomic insects whose little persons are never seen, and whose individual voices are never heard, and whose collective hum is a fact that is best proved by the silence that follows its cessation. In the evening these all retire to rest, and night is marked by a deep impressive stillness, which we are apt erroneously to suppose is altogether the result of that noisy giant man having betaken himself to his lair. Yet this difference between night and day was only noticeable when we were alone or very quiet; the preponderating noises resulting from conversation or walking, were more than sufficient to dispel the sweet influence.

We were often very wrong in our ideas of time. Once or twice, on landing and going into a hamlet on the coast, we have been much surprised to find the deepest silence reigning everywhere, and, on peeping in at a window, to observe that the inhabitants were all abed, while the sun was blazing high in the heavens. Sometimes, too, on returning from a shooting or fishing expedition, I have seen a bush or tree full of small birds, each standing on one leg, with its head thrust under its wing and its little round body puffed up to nearly twice its size, and having thus been reminded that the hours for rest have returned. Of course a little observation and reflection would at any time have cleared up our minds as to whether day or night was on the wing; nevertheless I state the simple truth when I say we were often much perplexed, and sometimes ludicrously deceived, by the conversion of night into day.

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He that has light within his own pure breast,
May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
While he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks beneath the mid-day sun,
Himself is his own dungeon. —*Milton.*

☞ At a printer's festival the following sentiment was offered: "Printers' Wives—May they always have plenty of small caps for the heads of their little original articles."

☞ There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

## TWENTY YEARS.

There, beyond the grassy lowlands,
Where the waves besiege the shore,
Breaking on the curving shingle,
As they broke there years before—

Stands a house among the meadows,
With an ancient oaken hall,
And the crimson five-leaved ivy
Gleaming radiance from its wall,

Dyeing all the yellow sunbeams
That have flickered through its sprays,
Till their fiery glances mingling,
Lose themselves in golden rays.

Through its heavy-tinted foliage,
With their silver-glancing ligat,
Break the snowy jasmine petals,
Set like stars within the night.

Clings the woodwork's time-stained carving
Round the many-gabled eaves,
And the passion-flower's tendrils,
Hide its darkness in their leaves.

Straight-branched fir-trees stand around it,
Cold against the sunset's hue;
Far away the ocean stretches—
White-sailed vessels flock its blue.

Still the house stands on unchanging;
Still the waves sweep round the bay,
Yet, since last I saw their beauty,
Twenty years have passed away.

Time has laid no heavy touches
On the sapphire of the sea;
Words can never tell the changes
Twenty years have wrought for me.

## MARGARET TUDOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BEATRICE COLONNA.

THE HEIRESS—PART SECOND.

The sun, which does sometimes shine in England, notwithstanding the belief of the French to the contrary, entered an open window of the mansion at Tudor Park, and illuminated two charming heads which were bending over one book.

One of these heads was blonde, with loosely-roiling ringlets shading peachy cheeks and violet eyes; the other had the dark braids and fiery eyes of a Spaniard. The fair head was set on a neck white and graceful as a swan's. The dark lady's form boasted all the plump graces of the favorite Sultana of an Eastern Harem.

The blonde raised her head impatiently, and said,

"To resume our former subject of conversation, I must and will have a new dress."

"But, Louise, papa scolded so about the last London season, and says the music and decorations will be so expensive for this—"

"Nonsense, Rae, papa can afford it—he is rich. Dear me, what a luxury a father would be composed only of two hands and a full purse."

"You are coarse, Louise," said Rae, with a look of disgust, "papa is very kind, and—"

"I am worldly and practical, while you are romantic and sentimental."

"I do not possess all the romance of the family," retorted Rae. "Remember the Marquis of Beaumont."

"I should like to see him again," said Louise, with a flitting blush. "But that is not possible at present, and a new robe is the height of my ambition at this moment, because—"

"Because?" reiterated Rae.

"Because I am expecting Reginald," said Louise, narrowing her lids, and giving her sister a side-glance from between her long lashes.

Rae blushed faintly, and lowered her head over her book.

"Yes," continued Louise, "he wrote to me that he should probably be with us in about three days."

"He wrote to you?" interrogated her sister.

"I received the letter yesterday," replied Louise, clasping and unclasping her bracelet, while keeping her eyes on her sister's face.

"Louise," said Rae, "which of those men do you prefer?"

"What men?" inquired Louise, innocently.

"You know whom I mean—Reginald and Lord Beaumont."

"Oh!" said Louise, opening her eyes widely, "do I like either?"

"You certainly appear to."

"I cannot very well be rude to them."

"You are not answering my question."

"I can easily do so. If I were Aunt Elinor's heiress, I would marry Reginald—but as I am not, I would wish to write myself marchioness."

"Then you prefer Reginald?"

"Frankly, yes."

"Good! now, does he prefer you?"

This unexpected shot took away Louise's breath. She stared silently at her sister for a moment, but rapidly recovering herself, delivered a counter-fire—

"Ah! the law of attraction of opposites—blue eyes, and black. Is it so, my sister?"

"I am not speaking of myself," said Rae, turning pale, "but if some one more beautiful than yourself—"

"I do believe you are jealous," drawled Louise, with a malicious glance.

"That is not one of my faults," said her sister, calmly; "perhaps you think no one could be more beautiful."

"Your sarcasm fails to move me," said Louise, extending her left hand, and displaying a ring of peculiar form and workmanship, "do you recognize this?"

"You are then betrothed!" exclaimed Rae, becoming as white as the lace that encircled her throat.

"It is so."

"But you spoke of the marquis—"

"I had not seen the marquis at that time."

"And you would retain Reginald for a *wis aller?*" cried Rae, indignantly.

"I did not say so," replied Louise, benignly, "but you doubtless will."

"You know me better than that, Louise."

"Rae, dear, if I secure the marquis, you may have Reginald."

Rae turned her back on her sister, and Louise, leaning indolently back in her chair, fixed her eyes upon the smiling landscape—

"What a heavenly day! Such a day as this all one desires is to be permitted to exist."

"And have a new dress," interposed Rae's slightly sarcastic tones.

"And have a new dress," agreed Louise. "Oh! here is mamma. My Lady Lisle, I have a favor to ask of you."

"And I have some good news to tell you."

"Open your budget, and dispense—"

"The Marquis of Beaumont is expected daily."

"My mother, do you desire to see me a marchioness?"

"If it were possible."

"Then prevail upon your liege lord to open his heart and purse—and—"

"And what?"

"Present me with a Paris robe, to grace the festive scene," said Louise, theatrically.

"Have you no request to make, Rae?"

"No, mamma."

"Oh! madame, Rae has just discovered that the world is deceitful and desperately wicked. Poor Rae."

"Rae is always willing to conform to circumstances."

"What circumstances?" asked Louise, with a sneer.

"White muslin, and bright ribands," responded Rae.

"Oh! virginal simplicity."

At this juncture a footman entered, and presented a letter upon a silver salver, to Lady Lisle.

"It is from Elinor—from Paris," she exclaimed, glancing at the direction, then tearing it open, read slowly:

"Dear Sister—Yours of the 14th inst. gave me great pleasure."

"What is this?" she continued, running over the contents hastily—have to announce to you—quite unexpected—a young Venetian; an artist—well-born, highly-educated, beautiful as an angel—have formally adopted her—shall take great pleasure in introducing their new cousin to Louise and Rae—23nd of this month.

"Good Heavens! what a misfortune!" and Lady Lisle turned pale, and let the letter fall from her hand.

"Oh! mamma," said Louise, fretfully, "it is just our ill-fortune, is it not?"

Rae lifted the letter from the carpet, and re-read it carefully, then raising her eyes to her mother's face, said,

"Do you think she will make her her heiress?"

"I don't know—your Aunt Elinor is so odd, so different from other people. She is a—quite a philanthropist, and if she takes a fancy to any one, cannot do enough for them. I never knew her take so decided a step as this, and—I do not think she will pause here."

"Will this make a very material change in our prospects, mamma?" asked Rae.

"A very decided one, I fear," Lady Lisle replied. "Sir Henry has been greatly embarrassed lately. Harry's college debts were enormous, and his appointment in the Guards quite expensive. Besides this, news came this morning that some East Indian stocks, in which Sir Henry had largely invested, had fallen. Altogether, his affairs are in a very precarious condition at present."

"Mamma," said Louise slowly, "don't you think it would be best not to mention this to papa until after the masquerade?"

"Oh! I shall conceal it from him by all means. He is sufficiently harassed already, without having this knowledge added to the burden of his cares."

Rae leaned her chin on her hand, and her elbow on her knee, and looking thoughtfully at her mother, said:

"Suppose Harry should fall in love with the heiress, and marry her, then the money would be restored to the family."

"At any rate, I shall have my new dress, shall I not?" queried Louise.

"Yes, my love; I promise you that."

"And, mamma, it must be a blue moire, with a silver-muslin overskirt, that I may wear my turquoise set. Will it not be becoming?"

"Extremely so. I salute you, my lady marchioness,"—and Lady Lisle gazed fondly at her daughter's flushed cheek, shaded by the fair, flossy curls, whose pale gold contrasted so well with the marvellous blue of her eyes, and bending, tenderly kissed the parted crimson lips.

"Et moi aussi," said Rae, lifting her round cheek to her mother's face.

"You always, my daughter," responded Lady Lisle.

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"Mamma, a servant has just ridden over from Carystal Manor with a note from Aunt Elinor."

"She has arrived, then?" said Lady Lisle.

"As you were not present, I took the liberty to open the note. She is very well, but much fatigued by her journey, and wishes you would drive over and see her, if you can do so conveniently."

"Certainly I will. Put on your hat and mantle, and tell Louise to prepare herself to accompany us."

"I have already done so, but she positively declined. She is reserving her strength for this evening."

"She is not very strong," said Lady Lisle, apologetically.

At this moment Louise came bounding down the staircase, two steps at a time, singing a gay chanson with brilliant effect.

"So you do not accompany us, Louise?" inquired Lady Lisle.

"No, mamma. I no longer care for my aunt since she has defrauded us of our property; and as for this interloper, I despise her," said the young lady, with a charming pout.

"I hope you will reserve the expression of your detestation for our ears," said Lady Lisle smoothly; "it would be more politic not to acquaint your aunt with it."

"I am not used to conceal my feelings," replied mademoiselle with a shrug of her white shoulders.

"It is time that you began, then," was her mother's calm rejoinder, as she left her, to prepare for her drive to Chrystal Manor.

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Lady Lisle and her daughter were ushered into the great drawing-room at Chrystal Manor, the furniture of which was still decorated with those brown-holland coverings which are peculiar to English mansions during the absence of the family either in town or country.

They had seated themselves, when the door opened, and a small, delicate-looking lady, with lively black eyes, entered, and greeted Lady Lisle warmly, as her dear sister.

She was followed by a tall, elegant girl, whom she presented to Lady Lisle as her daughter, Miss Egmont.

"But, as I shall not wish to address my niece in so formal a manner, you must tell me her Christian name," said Lady Lisle sweetly.

"My Christian name is Elinor," said the Venetian, with a slight bend of her graceful neck, while Lady Egmont looked very much pleased, and gently pressed her sister's hand, which she still held.

"Elinor, let me introduce you to my youngest daughter, and your cousin, Rae Lisle."

The young ladies exchanged an embrace, and then resumed their seats, Rae scanning her new relative with slightly embarrassed glances, while the young Italian fixed her brilliant dark eyes upon both the ladies, with an expression of interest even greater than the occasion might seem to demand.

"And where is Louise?" asked Lady Egmont, in her quick decided tones.

"Oh! she sent her love and regrets to you and her new cousin," replied Lady Lisle. "Our house is this evening to be the scene of a masquerade, and as some of the guests who were to spend some time with us had already arrived, Louise was detained, as we could not all of us leave them."

"We came this morning partly to give you an invitation to this masquerade," said Rae to Elinor. "We are all of us to wear dominoes over our ball dresses, and unmask just before supper. I can lend you a domino if you have none, as I had two made, that I might confuse my identity if necessary."

"Who have you staying with you now?" asked Lady Egmont of her sister.

"Lord and Lady Liston, the Count de Roquenard, an acquaintance Harry made in Paris, Lord Dacre—"

"Who is Lord Dacre?" interrupted Lady Egmont.

"Reginald Thurston. The Viscount died, and Reginald succeeded to the title."

Was it the crimson curtains that threw so vivid a glow across Elinor Egmont's face at that moment? No. Rae thought that she must have been mistaken, for she was now sitting, white and still as a statue, her eyes cast down, and the long lashes clearly defined upon the pale oval of her cheek. She raised her eyes, and said in reply to Rae—

"You are very kind, and I should like to take part in this masquerade, but—it is in fact very disagreeable to me to meet strangers, and everything is so new and strange in this country, that—"

"Oh! that shall be no objection if you would like to come," said Rae. "You will be masked, and in your domino, and you will enjoy seeing the odd dresses and the dancing. You dance, do you not? (The Italian inclined her head.) You need not be introduced to any one. It will be so mysterious, so delightful!" continued Rae, clapping her hands; "for of course every one will wonder who you are, as you are—a—so what we call distingué—perhaps you do not speak French?"

"A little."

"I remember Aunt Elinor said you were highly accomplished, and you speak English so correctly."

"My mother was an Englishwoman."

"Was she? Ah! then you are half-English, are you not? I hope you do not think I am rude, but I wish to know all about my new cousin, whom I expect to love very much," added Rae, with a smile and a little nod.

The Venetian's beautiful eyes shown as if through a mist, as she laid her white hand in Rae's small pink palm.

"You will promise to come?"

"With a great deal of pleasure."

"Adieu then," cried Rae, as she followed her mother to the carriage. "I shall expect you as early as six o'clock. You can come up into my room, where you will be safe from every intrusion."

When the carriage drove in at the entrance of Tudor Park, they found Louise in a very becoming dishabille, awaiting their arrival.

"Have you seen her?" she eagerly inquired as they alighted on the broad steps of the facade.

"We saw both your aunt and cousin," said Lady Lisle.

"Cousin!" ejaculated Louise, with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders. "But tell me how does she look? Is she pretty?"

"She is Venus and all the Graces combined," said Rae, enthusiastically. "Is there any one in the receiving-room? No, come in here, and I will give you a description of her. Imagine Canova's Venus, with the loveliest dark eyes in the world, hair of a pale amber-color, full of thick waves, and rolling into natural ringlets, and the most beautiful red lips, and you have a portrait of Elinor Egmont."

"Has she taken our aunt's name?"

"That is what she is called."

"I do not believe she is as handsome as you have described her."

"Wait and see."

"Is she coming this evening?"

"Yes, but she wishes to be incognito, as she dislikes meeting strangers."

"How very exclusive! an Italian beggar."

"You have no right to suppose that."

"I shall, and do suppose it," said Louise majestically, sweeping from the room with an indignant movement of her long, flowing skirts, and closing the door behind her in no gentle manner.

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The sun still hung a globe of flame above the blue and misty line of the horizon, when a carriage rolled rapidly through the gates of Tudor Park, and drew up at the front entrance. A footman in the Egmont livery sprang from the back, where he had been dexterously balancing himself, and assisted a lady to descend, who ran hastily up the steps, and pausing at the door, looked around her with the air of one striving to recall certain recollections connected with the place, and then entered the hall.

A footman who was lounging near one of the windows came forward, and in reply to her inquiry for Miss Rae Lisle, rung a bell, which was answered by a coquettish figure in a very French cap, who volunteered to conduct her to that young lady's apartment.

As she followed her conductor up the broad staircase, the lady trembled visibly, and when, in the hall above, she met a gentleman, who passed her with a slight inclination, and turned to look after her tall, elegant figure, she grew so white under her thick veil, that Rae, who had rushed to the door to meet her, inquired in a tone of alarm if she were ill.

"I do not feel very well," she replied, smiling faintly as Rae removed her hat and shawl, and advised her to lie down immediately.

But as she reached the lounge, upon which Rae had heaped up the cushions luxuriously, she fainted away.

Rae flew to her, unfastened her dress, and looking around for water to revive her, snatched up a vase of lilies, and threw the contents over her head and shoulders.

While thus engaged, Rae had been unconscious of an impatient knocking at the door, which finally opened, and a handsome masculine head peered curiously into the room. Finding himself unnoticed, the intruder now entered, and gliding on tiptoe behind Rae, approached the couch, and gazed admiringly at its unconscious occupant.

"Oh! Harry," screamed Rae, turning suddenly, and surprising him in this attitude.

"How did you know I was here?" queried Harry, coloring slightly.

"Because you always announce your presence by the odor of cigars, as certain spirits reveal their whereabouts by sulphuric exhalations."

"Hush!" said Harry, putting his finger on his lip as the color began to return to Elinor's face, and she moved slightly. "Is she—"

"Oh! what a trouble you are," ejaculated Rae, in a vexed tone. "Why could you not keep out of the way?"

"Why, you see, Reginald met her in the hall, said she had a magnificent figure, and asked me to find out who she was. By George! I shouldn't have thought of looking at her figure if I had seen such a Venus' head—"

"She was veiled, you stupid boy! Hush!" said Rae in her turn, as Elinor sat up and gazed around her in a bewildered manner, her loosened hair falling in great masses over her uncovered neck, white as alabaster, her eyes languishing under their long lashes, and her lips and cheeks crimson with returning life. When she saw Harry she blushed vividly, and rising from the lounge, said,

"I—I had forgotten—"

"You needn't care for him," said Rae, "it's only Harry—and this, you provoking fellow, is your cousin, Elinor Egmont, whom we did not intend you should see just at present."

"If that was your intention, I am very glad chance has defeated it," said Harry, with a meaning glance at his new cousin, which was not observed by Miss Egmont, who was languidly twisting up her hair, with her face turned to the mirror.

"Come, Harry, I wish to speak to you," said Rae, and dragging him towards the door, which she closed behind them, she made Harry bend his lofty head, and whispered, "you understand that Elinor is a stranger newly arrived in this country, and doesn't wish the bore of being introduced to so many people as would be at this masquerade—so I have persuaded her to come upon condition that she shall be incognito, which will be very amusing—and oh! won't we torment Reginald, since he has seen her, and—"

"But what shall I say to him?" interposed Harry, anxiously. "He sent me to ask who she was, and he is so keen—"

"Tell him she is my seamstress, or a friend of Line, my lady's-maid, or—anything else you please—except—the truth."

"You will let me escort you to the ball-room, will you not?"

"Yes, yes—now go. Right about face, forward, march!" and Rae made a frantic effort to move her stalwart brother, with a little hand placed on each shoulder, and failing, ran back into her room, and locked the door.

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THE WHITE DOMINO.—PART THIRD.

The ball-room at Tudor Park was built in the style of the Alhambra, and was illuminated by innumerable crystal chandeliers, representing gigantic lilies, whose stems and foliage, seemingly of frosted silver, extended their delicate tracery over the ceiling, which was painted a beautiful azure blue.

The hundred graceful and fantastic columns which supported the roof were twined with heavy wreaths of natural flowers, filling the air with the combined odors of roses, lilies, and jessamine. Around the sides of the room were ranged Moorish cushions, wrought in dazzling arabesques of crimson, blue, and gold—and the walls were draped with silks of the same colors. At the upper end of the hall, before the gorgeous tent-like enclosure which held the musicians, a fountain played, sending its refreshing coolness through the hot air laden with perfumes.

A burst of music welcomed the influx of a crowd of dominos of all sizes and colors.

The band played a seductive waltz, and in a moment the floor was covered with whirling figures.

There a scarlet and a black domino whirled in languid embrace; there a pink and a yellow; yonder, a blue and a purple, until the fatigued eye failed to single out individual objects, and the whole rainbow mass became a ring of dazzling color, circling slowly to the voluptuous measure of the music.

The waltz ceased, and the dancers formed themselves into groups, or, separating in couples, promenaded the length of the hall.

Two masks, dressed completely in black, from head to foot, leaned against one of the flower-wreathed pillars, and contemplated the motley throng.

Three newly-arrived dominos attracted the attention of the shortest mask, who started, and touching his companion's arm, said in an under tone—

"Lisle lied to me. It is she—the one of whom I was telling you."

"What, the Incognita, whom you met this morning?" said the tall mask carelessly. "Which is she?"

"The tall domino in white," responded the other. "I should know her walk among a thousand. She is coming this way. I am going to dance with her,"—and he sauntered towards the approaching dominos, affecting entire unconsciousness of their presence, until he almost stumbled over them, when he paused, as if in astonishment, and offered his arm to the White Domino without speaking. She hesitated a moment, then accepted it with a slight laugh, notwithstanding her companion's evident reluctance to release her—and the mask bore off his prize triumphantly.

"I was expecting you," he said, as he led her slowly down the hall, somewhat apart from the other promenaders.

At the sound of his voice the White Domino started, and turned towards him, her eyes flashing through the holes in her mask.

The mask observed this movement, and said:

"Ah! you recognize my voice! You are, then, some one whom I ought to know, are you not? Your height—your peculiar carriage—I never saw but one. Pshaw! what folly"—and, his head sinking on his breast, he took a few steps without speaking.

As the White Domino walked beside him, with wavering and uncertain steps, a cotillion was called, and a crowd of dominos, rushing to secure places, jostled her in such a manner as almost to throw her down. The Mask extended an arm to protect her, but shrinking from the half embrace, she laughed nervously.

"Good Heavens! that laugh cannot be mistaken—and I supposed you an entire stranger. Why did not you recognize me when I met you this afternoon? Five years cannot have altered me as much as that. But when did you leave Paris?"

"I—a—it is now about a week," stammered the Domino.

"And your husband—did he accompany you?"

"My husband!" exclaimed the Domino.

"Why, yes, I heard that you were married to a foreigner, an Italian.

The Domino was silent.

"Constance," continued the mask, "do you remember when we last met?"

The Domino made a movement of surprise, which was not remarked by her companion.

"It was after that last, that terrible parting with Margaret—and it is singular that this evening of all others, when all these surroundings recalled her so forcibly to my mind, I should have met with you."

"Do you now regret that you rejected her?" inquired the Domino, in a singularly agitated tone of voice.

"Rejected is a harsh word, Constance," replied her escort, coloring slightly under his mask." I will not deny that the fear that I was cause of her sudden death, has occasioned me great regret—I might say remorse," he added, slowly. "But she was hideous—I could not resolve to tie myself to such a death's head."

"Your feelings were very natural—and now, I think I will rejoin my friends."

"Oh! no, not yet. I have a thousand things to say to you. Come into the conservatory, this heat and glare sicken me. Is not the moonlight magnificent? Let us sit here by the window, and remove our masks—mine suffocates me;" untying the strings, he flung it on the floor beside him, and revealed the head and face of a young Greek, with sparkling hazel eyes, and a profusion of fair, curling hair.

"Permit me to unfasten yours," said he.

The Domino threw back her hood, and bent her head to his touch.

The silken strings were knotted hard, and the contact of his hand seemed to burn her cheek, as he sought to disentangle them.

"I must cut them," he said; suiting the action to the word, and the mask fell.

He uttered a womanish scream of terror, and drew back, his hands clenched, his eyes fixed in a stony stare, his face rigid and colorless. Then a thin red stream oozed through his tightly-closed lips, and fell slowly, drop by drop, upon her white dress. His hands relaxed, his head drooped, his eyes closed, and with a heavy sigh, he fell with his face upon her knees.

Then the White Domino clasped the blonde head with her fair hands, and raising it, kissed it passionately, moaning and sobbing, but without shedding a tear. She rose, placed his head gently on the cushion upon which she had been sitting, and taking her mask, tied it over her face, drew her hood over her head, and observing that her hand was stained with blood, shuddered, and wiped it off. Again she bent and pressed her lips to the marble forehead, and blue-veined lids of the closed eyes; then slowly left the room, looking back at every step.

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A tall, blue mask had been pushing through the thronged ball-room, looking anxiously in every direction for some one who did not appear. After wearying himself in this manner for a quarter of an hour, he withdrew to one of the columns, against which he leaned with folded arms, biting his lips with ill-concealed impatience.

While he was standing thus, he saw a pink domino detach itself from the crowd. Approaching him, it said,

"Cousin Harry, will you take me in charge?"

He eagerly seized the outstretched hand, and drew it within his arm, saying,

"I have been seeking you everywhere, and have persistently followed no less than five white dominos, thinking they concealed yourself.

"Oh! I grew tired of my white domino, it was so conspicuous, and having found this in the dressing-room, took possession of it, very glad to make the exchange."

As she spoke a weird waltz-tune pulsed in between her words.

He encircled her waist with his arm, and they floated down the hall together, she moving without volition, and with the still, white face of the conservatory ever before her eyes. He, conscious only of the bewildering pleasure of holding that slight rose colored figure on his arm, and occasionally inhaling her perfumed breath.

They had paused at the end of the hall, when the pink domino heard these words rapidly enunciated in a loud whisper, "Was found in the conservatory perfectly insensible, no one with him—no clue to the mystery."

She started when a deep, rich voice near her replied, "A white domino was with him when he left me about half an hour since."

"There are several white dominos here," replied the other voice, "I have counted no less than seven."

"Harry," murmured the pink domino, sinking as if exhausted upon a species of divan which was placed against the wall. "Will you get me a glass of wine?"

The mask who had no ears for any one but herself, and who had not heard a word of the preceding conversation, departed with alacrity to comply with her wishes.

"She was escorted into the ball-room by a blue mask," continued the first voice. "He was very tall, and quite distinguished looking; I think I could easily recognize him if I should see him again."

The pink domino sprang to her feet and ran down the hall, unmarked among the ever-moving throng of dancers. At the door she met her cavalier returning.

"Harry," said she, "there is a bet depending upon your recognition of the tall blue mask with the distinguished air. What is a masquerade without a mystery—cannot you change your domino, and puzzle them?"

"Easily—will you wait for me?"

"Yes."

In a few minutes Harry returned, a grey domino, of a venerable and time-worn appearance.

The pink and grey dominos walked carelessly past the tall mask, who was in search of two persons of a very different description.

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The pink domino was standing lost in thought, but apparently listening to her partner's animated conversation, when a black mask approached her, and requested the honor of her hand for the next redowa. As they passed, after twice going the length of the hall, the mask bent over her, and murmured soto voce, "Did you enjoy the moonlight in the conservatory?"

"I do not understand you," she replied with vivacity, her slight fingers contracting for a moment around the hand that held hers.

The mask stifled a cry. "Surely, I know that voice," he said.

"Impossible," she replied, "I am an absolute stranger here, and—"

"Madame," said the mask eagerly, "I implore you to grant me a simple favor, which any lady might bestow upon a gentleman, and let me lead you to some place where you may unmask for the gratification of my curiosity, which I assure you is not an idle one. See, I set you the example." So saying, he displaced his mask.

The sight of that noble head and high-bred face seemed to paralyze the Domino. She placed her hand in his, without speaking, and suffered him to lead her to the conservatory, which seemed that night destined to be the scene of repeated revelations.

The Domino did not attempt to remove her mask, but stood like a statue, while her attendant unfastened the strings, and uncovered her face, then turning upon him her large eyes, under the lower lids of which were some faint, dark lines, traced either by emotion or fatigue, she said, "Do you know me?"

The mask gazed long and earnestly upon the lovely, pallid face thus presented to his view, and replied: "Pardon me—I was mistaken; and yet I could have sworn"—and bowing, he presented his hand to lead her from the room.

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"Elinor, how pale you are—are not you well?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And yet you left your breakfast untasted; and although you came home comparatively early last night, I remarked this morning that your bed was undisturbed. You should not trifle with your health, my child"—and Lady Egmont laid her hands caressingly on the small head, and let them glide over the soft hair, until they rested upon either shoulder of the young girl before her.

Elinor drew her mother's hands together around her neck, and kissed them tenderly. At the same time that they felt the pressure of the velvet lips, two burning tears scalded their smooth palms.

"What! Elinor, my daughter, weeping?" said Lady Egmont. "I feared this—you regret Italy—"

"No, mamma, it is not so," interposed Elinor, hastily. "I hate Italy and the Italians," she added savagely.

"You—hate—Italy?"

"I suffered there, madam, as I have told you," she replied, with averted head.

"Forget the past, and let us think only of the future," said Lady Egmont with a joyous smile, seating herself, and seeking among her embroidery silks for a peculiar shade.

Elinor smiled sadly, and bent her head over her work.

"By the way, did you know Lord Dacre was very ill?"

"What! Reg—ah!"

Lady Egmont looked up.

"It is nothing—I pricked my finger. Very ill, did you say?"

"Yes. I received a note from Louise a short time since; she had intended calling, but this sudden illness of course prevented."

Elinor became very pale, and her work fell from her hand.

"You said, 'of course'—could not my aunt, or Rae—"

Lady Egmont nodded her head very wisely.

"Oh, yes, they could, but their touch has not the magic of Louise's white fingers. Did you remark her hands? They are extremely pretty."

Elinor, from pale, became livid. She turned her back to the light, and said:

"You would wish to convey the idea that—"

"That Louise is Lord Dacre's betrothed? I am not certain, but I think it more than probable."

Silence.

"Of what are you thinking?" asked Lady Egmont, a few moments after, of Elinor, who was sitting with her hands clasping her knees, looking vaguely into space.

Elinor stooped and raised her embroidery from the floor.

"I was hesitating as to whether I would fill this in with crimson or wood color."

"I would advise crimson by all means," said a merry voice, and Rae Lisle came into the room, laughing.

"I judge your invalid to be better," said Lady Egmont, after an interchange of greetings.

"Our invalid! Oh! yes. Fancy! he thought he saw a ghost." And the young lady laughed heartily.

"A ghost!"

"Yes, auntie, and if he had seen Elinor, I would not have thought him far wrong. How pale you are," she continued, approaching her with affectionate solicitude. "Such dissipation does not agree with you."

"Rae, I am dying to know about this ghost," interrupted Lady Egmont.

"So am I, so are we all; and we can discover nothing, except that he was found insensible in the conservatory, and upon recovering, insisted that he had seen an apparition, or something of that sort."

"Did he say of whom?"

"No; he is provokingly obstinate, and will make no reply to our innumerable questions and cross-examinations." Then turning to Elinor. "Did not you feel any curiosity with regard to that mysterious black mask, who carried you off in such an unexpected manner?"

"Not the least," was the almost inaudible reply.

"He was so particularly devoted to you, and it was strange, as he could not have known you, since you were unacquainted with any one present."

"He mistook me for another person."

"Then you discovered who he was?"

"Could I do so, as the only gentleman with whom I had any previous acquaintance, was your brother Henry?"

"Of course. Pardon my stupidity; my brains are yet whirling to those delicious waltzes. That reminds me that I came as a species of avant courier from Lords Dacre and Beaumont, who intend calling upon you this evening, the marquis more particularly to—ah! I am again forgetting—I am a perfect sieve, this morning. Adieu, before I commit myself any farther." And the young lady, kissing her hand, disappeared through the door, without giving them an opportunity for detaining her.

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When Miss Egmont placed herself under the hands of her maid for the purpose of making her evening toilette, she told the girl, who had loosened her beautiful hair and let it fall upon her shoulders, to comb out the ringlets, and roll it back from her face in the latest Parisian style.

The Frenchwoman exclaimed loudly, but her mistress was persistent, and, under her skilful hands, the careless curls became glossy waves, and formed two coiling coils behind her delicate ears, where they met the thick braids which almost covered the back of her small head.

The Frenchwoman proclaimed the effect to be perfectly irresistible, and when she had shaken out the folds of the graceful green silk robe, elegantly trimmed with black lace, and fastened the pearl ornaments in the corsage, and around the slender wrists, the delighted attendant elevated both hands, exclaiming with perfectly French enthusiasm, "Les blondes sont les anges, toujours."

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"Why, Elinor, how unique and becoming is that manner of dressing your hair; yet it entirely changes the character and expression of your face; and makes you look altogether unlike your former self."

Elinor turned away her head, that her mother might not see the peculiar smile which trembled over her lips, and walking to the mirror, surveyed herself from head to foot with undisguised satisfaction.

"It is strange that it should make such a difference," said she, slowly. "With my hair worn from my face, in this manner, I do not look unlike the—Empress—Eugenie."

At the sound of wheels in the avenue, she left the mirror, and leaned against the marble mantel, upon which she rested both hands, as if to brace herself for an expected encounter, disguised even more by her haughtiness and pallor, than by the change in the arrangement of her hair.

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"Lord Dacre; my daughter, Miss Egmont."

Reginald raised his beautiful eyes to the pale, proud face, as he bowed, then lowered them. A faint tinge of color broke through the cool whiteness of Elinor's cheek, and she turned to her mother, who was introducing Lord Beaumont.

As she bent before him in response to his graceful salutation the blood rushed to her face, and when she lifted her head, her very temples were rosed, and her white throat tinted with crimson.

She seated herself upon a causeuse, the crimson cushions forming an admirable background to her slight figure, and the Marquis placed himself beside her.

"You were in the masquerade last night," he said, after a moment's contemplation of her beautiful arm, which seemed moulded from ivory in contrast with the deep red of the cushions upon which it rested.

Miss Egmont tore off an inch of the exquisite lace which bordered her pocket-handkerchief as she replied,

"I was, my lord."

"Then it was you to whom I was so unpardonably rude in the conservatory when I insisted upon your unmasking. But you will pardon me when I tell you that—"

Miss Egmont petrified him with an icy smile as she interposed,

"You can have been guilty of no rudeness towards me, my lord, as I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before this evening."

"Pardon me, but your face, your voice—"

"There are many faces and voices which resemble each other upon our little planet, my lord."

The Marquis bit his lip. Lord Dacre approached them.

"You were saying—"

"We were speaking of the masquerade."

"You were there, were you not?" said Reginald, in his soft, melodious voice to Miss Egmont.

"I was present, and passed the evening very agreeably, did not you, my lord?"

Reginald did not reply at first, and his eyes were fastened upon her with a persistency which seemed to annoy her, for the long lashes drooped, and the velvety cheek crimsoned, when he withdrew his gaze, and said slowly, and in an entirely absent manner,

"Yes certainly."

The Marquis half-laughed as he said, "You have forgotten that little episode, have you not?"

"What episode?" asked Reginald, carelessly.

"That of the apparition?"

Reginald reddened slightly as he replied, "No, I had not forgotten that."

"There is one point upon which I feel some curiosity," continued Lord Beaumont, "did your apparition have black eyes, and long, fair curls?"

The color forsook Elinor's face, and she clasped her right hand so convulsively with the left, that the points of a diamond ring she wore entered the flesh.

The Marquis looked earnestly from her to Reginald, who answered with a light laugh,

"I can gratify your curiosity easily. My apparition had black hair, and was of a somewhat swarthy complexion."

Elinor breathed freely, but cast a bewildered look at Lord Dacre, who was leaning back in his chair, on the arm of which he beat a strain of an opera-tune with his gloved fingers.

The Marquis dropped his foils, and they subsided into commonplaces, until they rose to take leave, when the Marquis made known his intention to invite some friends to spend some time with him at Castle Beaumont, among whom he hoped to include Lady Egmont and her daughter. The programme was arranged to commence with the first day of August, when he hoped no unforeseen circumstance would deprive him of the pleasure of their company.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

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☞ FRENCH BATHING COSTUME.—The ladies of France are already busying themselves about the sea-bathing costumes and have come to the conclusion that a *perfectly tight* dress will be most convenient and healthy, and if in variegated colors, will look most picturesque. We suppose this fashion will be introduced at Newport, Long Branch, and other of our watering-places, this season.

☞ The Prince of Wales has invented a new style of dress—a rather loose frock-coat made of velvet. The article is much commended by the press. He also proposes to abolish the swallow-tail coat, without which garment no mortal can enter the sacred pit of the opera-house, or any drawing-room which respects itself.

☞ COVERING SEED.—As a general rule, the depth of covering should not exceed two or three times *the shortest diameter of the seed*; this plainly involves so light a covering for the lettuces, parsley and celery, that a judicious gardener will cover by simply sifting over them a sprinkling of fine loam, which he will presently wet down thoroughly, (unless the sun is at high noon,) with his water-pot, medicined with a slight pinch of guano.

☞ Talent is a docile creature: it backs in to the shafts like a tame; but genius is impatient—its wild blood makes it hard to train.

## The Candle in the Gunpowder.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Our engraving this week illustrates the daring of a female servant. She was employed by a family in England, who had a store in the same building. Employed about the place was a certain almost half-witted lad. The benevolent master had been prompted by a kindly heart to give the poor lad something to do. Though weak in intellect, he was strong in thews and muscle; willing to work, he showed his gratitude by doing with all readiness such rough labor as a porter should do, or running on such errands as he could clearly understand.

One day he was sent (not very wisely) to the dark store-room to fill for the retail business, an empty powder canister. He procured a candle, without a candlestick, and, having lighted it, went on his errand. When he wished to fill the canister from the stock in the barrel he was at some loss what to do with his candle. Utterly forgetful at the moment of the danger of his task, and seemingly unconscious of the need of caution, at once to relieve his hand and to get the most convenient light for his work, he extemporized a candlestick in rather hazardous material. Having removed the cover, he stuck into the loose gunpowder in the open barrel the lower end of his long thin candle. Who ever heard of such a candle stick before? By the light so conveniently close to his work, he scooped up the bleak grains with his palm and poured them into the canister, as if they had been so much harmless sand.

Had Jack at this point taken up the candle and returned from his errand, it is probable that nothing more would have been known about his dangerous feat, and the peril the place and its inmates had escaped. The deliverance which was wrought was rendered the more remarkable by the discovery of what he had done.

Having, without accident, obtained the requisite supply, Jack departed from the chamber with his well filled canister, without having thought of removing the burning candle.

For a long while he did not remember his neglect. At last the remembrance came, and with it a frightful and convulsive agitation of the half silly lad.

"What can be the matter?" said the foreman.

"What is all this about?" said the master.

The more he was asked, the less Jack seemed able to tell. His limbs trembled; his face was deadly pale; his eyes were staring with terror. He was suddenly awake to a sense of impending peril, whilst fear seemed to destroy the power of speech.

A maid servant, who was very kind to Jack, and had great influence over him, was called to try if she could solve the mystery, or get the dreadful secret disclosed. At length, as she sought to soothe and persuade him, the lad pointed in the direction of the store-room, and faintly, chokingly uttered the words—

"*Candle—in—powder.*"

The afternoon errand was at once called to mind. The threatening danger was in a moment pretty well appreciated, though its precise character was not thoroughly understood. Every moment was precious; but of all the men standing by, not one dare volunteer to attempt a rescue.

The gentle, quiet woman is sometimes found to be most determined when her energies are forcibly called into play—Whilst the men were stunned or hesitating, Susan, without saying a word, volunteered, as "the forlorn hope." She ran to the store-room, quite aware that there was great risk, though she did not thoroughly understand its character till she entered the door of the chamber. She then saw that the lighted candle was standing literally *in the powder*, revealing by its light the circular mouth of the barrel which contained it. More than this, she saw, as she drew near, that the candle, though happily whole and long when Jack took it, had burned away since it had been placed there, till the blazing wick was a dull red cap on the top of it, and it had almost reached the very surface of the powder.

Susan looked on for a moment. As she looked, the candle burned, casting its sheen upon the dull, black grains around it, silently declaring the full extent of imminent danger. In a few minutes an explosion must have followed. Not a moment was to be lost; yet a hasty snatch might have ruined all. Providentially Susan's presence of mind did not forsake her, nor was there any failure of the courage and self-control on which so much depended.

With prompt ingenuity she laid the back of the fingers of one hand in the palm of the other, and opening the fingers of both hands in the centre, they formed a sort of dish with a hole in the middle. Susan looked down as the threatening candle continued to burn. Steadily, and without hesitation, the united hands were lowered, knuckles downward, into the dangerous barrel, in such wise that the opening between the fingers was carefully passed over the wick with its dull red cap, without touching it, till the fingers rested on the gunpowder below and around it. The fingers were then softly but firmly closed upon the tallow, and with the candle thus inclosed the hands were gently withdrawn.

All this was done in less time than it has taken to describe, whilst the mode of doing it was afterwards made out partly from Susan's own account, confirmed by the fact that after her achievement she astonished the group of still waiting terrified men, by appearing in the midst of them with the burning candle end still compressed between her fingers. Before they could ask a question, poor Susan suddenly fell fainting on the floor. The strength of her will, and the tension of her nerves, having borne her up till the deed was done, it will excite little surprise that such a collapse should follow.

We talk of heroism. Was there nothing heroic in the deed of this humble and now forgotten woman? Her family and her family name must alike remain unrecorded.

Doubtless Jack would feel doubly attached to Susan; whilst every inmate of the house would acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the genuine though unostentatious heroine by whom so singular a deliverance had been wrought. She did not herself seem to think she had done anything extraordinary, and only sought that Jack might never again be sent on a similar errand.

We recognize the efficient agency of this woman. Can we fail to recognize the special interposition of a guardian Providence, not only, in spite of human carelessness, averting the exceeding danger, but in giving the remarkable calmness and fortitude by which, in this marvellous deliverance, the human agent was sustained?

But is there not a special Providence over every house and household? How helpless are we in the hours of darkness and of sleep! How utterly unable to take care of ourselves! whilst the multitude of our neighbors are in like condition, powerless to shield themselves or to ward off danger from their friends. Is it not true that "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman watcheth in vain?" This thought has sometimes been peculiarly striking and impressive when I have slept, or attempted to sleep, for the first night of a sojourn in a great city. The thought of the thousands in a town, or the tens of thousands in a great city, liable to innumerable dangers, yet nightly lost for hours in profound, death-like sleep, is overwhelming, and would be appalling and terrible, but that the mass of them rise morning by morning unharmed, and night by night retire to rest as if safety were a thing of course.

## SCIENCE AND ART.

An ingenious citizen of Philadelphia has lately exhibited a novel kind of fuel, which consists of a porous fire-proof material of various shape, as may be required, which is saturated with coal-oil, or any similar hydrocarbon, and afterwards dried. It is then fit for use, and may be burned for various purposes, or for the production of gas, with the advantage that no ashes are formed, and that after the oil is consumed, the fire-proof material can be saturated anew. In certain manufactures, it is important to use fuel which contains no sulphur, and in this particular the new combustible has a manifest superiority over ordinary coal.

A break for railway trains, named after its inventor, Mr. Ourselin, is at present attracting attention among engineers in France. The problem, as every one knows, is—given a train in motion, how to stop it instantaneously. One obvious way is to check the revolution of the wheels. Another is to convert the rolling motion into a sliding motion; and this latter is what Mr. Ourselin accomplishes. He prepares a van or carriage with a contrivance which in an instant puts skates under the wheels. According to the length and weight of the train, so will be the number of such break-vans, and as their mechanism is under the immediate control of the guard or engineer, it can be brought into play in any emergency. Moreover, the action of any one van is automatic, and can be exerted either within itself or in combination with the others, and either backwards or forwards, according to circumstances. We are further informed that with these skates a train is not likely to run off the rails or to injure them. As to the last-mentioned particular, it strikes us that a course of experiment is needed; for to ordinary intelligence it would appear that the enormous friction of the skates against the rails could hardly fail to be very injurious. The question, however, is highly important, and we hope it will be fairly examined.

It has long been known that a magnetic current will produce a sound in wires of iron and other metal: Mr. Rice takes up this fact, and has constructed an acoustic telegraph, or telephone, an instrument which delivers a message by sounds of different pitch. As yet it is far from perfect, and to many ears there is no perceptible difference in the tones; but as the possibility of communicating between different places by sounds has been demonstrated, we may expect to hear again of the subject.

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☞ RECUPERATIVE POWER.—Rev. D. Foster, of Springfield, Massachusetts, in review of the war, stated that one million eight hundred thousand men had been killed, wounded, or made prisoners since the war began; and yet such was our recuperative power, that, in the last four hundred and eighty-seven days young men had become of military age.

## Japanese View of the English.

The following extract from the work published as to the recent visit to England of the Japanese Ambassadors will be interesting to our readers. The English are thus spoken of: "They, the western barbarians, who have lately destroyed our town, we visited. The men are red-faced and fond of eating, and the low men eat raw meat, of which lumps are exhibited, much to our disgust. These people are very expert in iron; copies of their works our artists have drawn. Their buyers and sellers (merchants) are not allowed to do any other work, and, therefore, being somewhat ignorant, principally talk of business. The nobles (Daimios) buy their wives from the merchants, who train their daughters for that purpose. We think them great barbarians! The women wear frames to keep away the men. Some are pretty, but their eyes are large and close together; their feet are large and clumsey, and they have big legs. These women sing loud and roll their eyes, keeping time with motions of their heads. When they meet the men in the evening they are but partially dressed. These people make us sick with eating and drinking. The carriages in the streets try to knock down the people on foot, especially the women, to amuse the drivers. Their government house, where the Daimios meet to talk and sleep, is well built, and equal to a first-class tea house; the women are kept there in a cage. These people looked at us much. The women are allowed to run about without keepers, playing with umbrellas (parasols). They are the greatest barbarians in the west."

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### THE RIP VAN WINKLES OF OUR RACE.

One of the most succinct and comprehensive statements of the kind we have ever seen, appears in a speech made by the Rev. Samuel Coley, at a Wesleyan missionary anniversary. It is a passage worth preserving:—

"I suppose that no country has ever had such a power of invention, and such a united intellectual development, as China. The Chinese is the largest, yet, beyond its own realm, the least influential of monarchies. From China, no mission ever started, no conqueror ever marched. Before all people in rudimental invention, they are behind all people in development. They had both gold and silver coins before the first Daric was minted, yet they traffic by the scales to this day. They first had gunpowder, but have got little further with its use than to blow it away in crackers. They were long beforehand with the magnet, but no junk ever crossed the ocean except in tow of a British ship. They have printed from time immemorial, but their literature awakes no progressive intellect. They have made glass for two thousand years, and ordinarily do not make it clear enough to see through yet. Their astronomy is still astrology, nor has their chemistry awoke from dreams of alchemy. They have politeness, but its odd forms and slavery of etiquette only make them more unsociable. They have a wonderful language, but its elaborate cleverness is a curse and a fetter to their minds, making it the labor of a life to learn to read. They are not without notions of dignity, but the men find it in nails long enough for claws, and the women in feet crushed into the shapelessness of hoofs. In the South Atlantic, there is a sea—the great Sargasso. All the currents pass by it. Dull, dead, heaving waves, just move the heaped-up tangle of weeds that grow, and the drift of wrecks that rot in that stagnant, melancholy ocean limbo. China is the Sargazo sea in the ocean of humanity."

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### SUGAR REFINING.

The raw sugar is placed in a large copper or vat, called a pan, containing about a ton, and a given quantity of water. To wash the sugar thoroughly, steam-power is used to agitate the whole, and it becomes a boiling mass. In order to remove all the grosser impurities, about two gallons of bullock's-blood are poured in, and the dross very quickly swims on the top, to the depth of some inches. When sufficient time has been allowed for the blood to become thoroughly mixed with the sugar so as to separate the impurities from the liquid sugar, and as found in the form of dross to the top, the sugar is drained off, leaving behind a mass of refuse, which forms very valuable manure. This is the most economical way of refining sugar, although at first sight to reverse. Yet, on inquiry, it is found that not only does all the filth of the sugar remain in the refuse, but also the impure particles of the blood. The albumen in the blood having an affinity for the impurities, the blood which was poured in comes out a solid mass of refuse. It has the same effect as the white of an egg in other refining processes. The liquid sugar then passes through other stages of refining, but the bulk of the impurity is left clinging to the blood.

Here we have an illustration to open up a Bible truth; the natural fact confirmed—that blood does cleanse, that there is in the blood of bullocks especially that which has an affinity for these impurities.

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☞ We should never go in debt for a purse.

## THE PHILADELPHIA OPERA HOUSE

**And Mr. Fry's Opera of Notre Dame.**

The *N. Y. Tribune* publishes the following communication from "a well-known New York artist:"—

On reading the announcement of the Committee of the Sanitary Fund, that the new grand opera of *Mr. W. H Fry, Notre-Dame of Paris*, would be put upon the great stage of the Philadelphia Academy of Music in a style of material and artistic completeness and splendor, and with a corps of choristers, and musical performers, and accessories, never equalled on the stage of this continent, I knew, from the high character of the gentlemen signing the announcement, that the promise would be strictly fulfilled—that four hundred performers meant that number—and so on in proportion. Accordingly I came on to Philadelphia to see and hear it. I visited the Academy last evening, (Friday,) and found it the finest opera-house, the most capacious, with the greatest amount of stage-room, and the most complete arrangements for affording every auditor and spectator a complete hearing and sight, of any house in the world. I am familiar with the opera-houses of Europe, and except none. What the committee said of the scenal and comparative splendor of the *mise en scene* and the musical forces, will convey only a feeble idea of the reality. I was in Paris when Meyerbeer's *Prophete* was produced, and I paid five prices to get a seat to see and hear it; and I assure you there is no such impressive, soul elevating spectacle in it as the ecclesiastical procession in Act 1st of *Notre Dame of Paris* when "Margaret of Flanders" enters the cathedral, while the great organ is being played, intermixed with the band. As to the grotesque procession of the "King of Fools" with Quasimodo, it is the very essence of the finest faces of the London *Punch*. It is simply wonderfully fine. The orchestra is immense, and, I may add, led with superlative talent by Mr. Theodore Thomas. The chorus is the finest I ever heard on the stage. No worn voices, among others, as you hear abroad, but all fresh and rose-colored in their youth and beauty. Their enunciation of the words and syllables is a marvel. It is as a Titan declaiming. Every word is distinct and resonant.

In the course of the piece there are no less than three superb views of Notre Dame Cathedral. The first is the facade to the life, with the crowds of sculptured apostles, saints and martyrs; the second is a very distant view of the towers, with the bridge over the Seine; the third is a full perspective view of the facade and towers—a masterpiece of art by Russell Smith. I will not trench on your musical critism further than to say that the composition of the music does not belong to any particular school, except in some parts—though the words, being rightly, as a rule, modelled on the Italian versification, (and being, although English, nearly as soft as Italian, owing to the skill used in the selection of vowel sounds in terminations.) The music, properly set, must have the same flow as the words—or as Italian music.

I write these lines in Philadelphia for the benefit of patriotic amateurs in New York who by consuming a few hours on the railroad in coming hither, can swell the Sanitary Fund of the sick and wounded soldier, in whose aid the opera is exclusively performed, and enjoy a *mise en scene* and a chorus which I never found equalled in effectiveness abroad.

A NEW YORK ARTIST.

ANECDOTE OF A REBEL LADY.—An account of Sheridan's recent raid through the rebel lines says:—

"Merritt pushed forward to Glen Allen Station, eight miles from Richmond, where he destroyed the track of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railway for some distance. We halted here and rested for some time, making headquarters at the house of Mrs. Allen, a beautiful and accomplished lady, but terribly Secesh in her sentiments. She married a New York merchant and resided there for a long time; then retired to this beautiful spot. She treated us very courteously, with the exception of telling us how badly and bitterly she hated us collectively, while she had no ill-feeling toward us individually. It was so strong, she said that she felt as though she could almost face the whole storm of Yankees hot lots from Grant's army. A meal for her valor. Just then one of our guns, a half mile distant, opened upon the enemy, who had assaulted our rear. We were sitting on the piazza, and had just told her that, in case of shelling, the cellar would be the safest place for herself and family. At the first explosion she exhibited the most extreme nervousness, and started for the cellar, when the party assured her that the guns were pointed in the opposite direction."

DEATH OF A MILLIONAIRE.—Mr. Richard Kear, a coal operator, died at his residence in Minersville, Schuylkill county, recently, aged 58 years. Mr. Kear, at the time of his death, owned property valued at $1 100 000. He came to that region in 1829, and worked as a miner at day's wages until 1835, when he commenced working a small colliery of his own. Between that time and 1849 he met with the "ups and downs" incident to the business, and was sold out twice by the Sheriff. The last time his property was bought in for him, and in 1849 he commenced prospering; and from that period up to the time of his death his accumulations amounted to the sum stated above.

☞ It is stated that a most extraordinary method of restoring old paintings, invented by Pettenkofer, the famous Bavarian chemist, has been brought to London and lately exhibited in a practical example to Sir Charles Eastlake. The process involves no chemical preparation whatever, is perfectly simple and can be applied and acts in half an hour. It may be used, also, by a reversed application of it, to give the appearance of age to a newly-painted picture.

☞ Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow. I never whistled in my life, and I can't whistle now. Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man. I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can.

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

One of the most gifted and popular of our American prose writers, Nathaniel Hawthorne, is dead. A brief telegram informs us that while stopping at Plymouth, New Hampshire, for the benefit of debilitated health, he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 19th, by his friend Ex-President Pierce, with whom he had been travelling. He had retired as well as usual the night previous, but at 3 o'clock was found dead in his bed by Mr. Pierce. Mr Hawthorne was born at Salem, Mass., about the year 1807, graduated at Bowdoin College, Me., 1825, in the same class with Rev Dr. Cheever, Longfellow, the poet, and Ex-President Pierce. His first published work was an anonymous romance issued in Boston in 1820, but he has never since thought proper to claim it, and it cannot now be identified. The first series of his "Twice Told Tales" was published in 1837, and these established a reputation as one of the most finished and agreeable prose writers known to American literature. A second series was issued in 1842. The title originated in the tales having been published in various periodicals, before they were gathered in book form. He subsequently edited the "Journal of an African Cruiser," from the MS. of Mr. Horatio Bridge, U. S N. His "Mosses from an Old Manse," consisting of a third collection of magazine papers, was issued in 1846 and increased his reputation. In 1846 he was appointed Surveyor of the Customs at Salem, Mass., and held the office a year, when a change of administration caused his removal. In 1850 his "Scarlet Letter" appeared, followed in 1851 by the "House of the Seven Gables," and in 1852 by the "Blithedale Romance." He also published various books for juveniles under the titles of "The Snow Image," "Wonder Book," etc; and his famous work, "The Marble Faun."

His latest production was a book, still the subject of discussion, bearing the title of "Our Old Home," being the substance of his recollections of England during his sojourn there as Consul at Liverpool. The tone of it does not seem to please the English critics, but that is natural, as he nowhere flatters the English, and expresses his own peculiar American notions of things without qualification. A short time ago Hawthorne paid a visit to Philadelphia, in company with Mr. Ticknor, the Boston publisher, both in ill health, and Ticknor died here.

Hawthorne fills a place in our literature entirely his own, perfectly original in the scope of his books and always fresh and entertaining.

## A HOTTENTOT FABLE.

This fable, entitled "The White Man and the Snake," is one of several collected by Dr. Bleek, as current among the Hottentots: "A white man, it is said, met a snake upon whom a large stone had fallen and covered her so that she could not rise. The white man lifted the stone off the snake, but when he had done so she wanted to bite him. The white man said, 'Stop! let us both go first to some wise people.' They went to the hyena, and the white man asked him, 'Is it right that the snake should want to bite me, though I helped her when she lay under a stone and could not rise?' The hyena (who thought he would get his share of the white man's body) said: 'If you were bitten what would it matter?' Then the snake wanted to bite him, but the white man said again: 'Wait a little, and let us go to other wise people, that I may hear whether that is right.' They went and met the jackal: 'Is it right that the snake wants to bite me, though I lifted up the stone which lay upon her?' The jackal replied: 'I do not believe that the snake could be covered by a stone and could not rise. Unless I saw it with my two eyes, I would not believe it. Therefore, come let us go and see at the place where you say it happened whether it can be true.' They went and arrived at the place where it had happened. The jackal said: 'Snake, lie down and let thyself be covered.' The snake did so, and the white man covered her with the stone; but, although she exerted herself very much, she could not rise. Then the white man wanted again to release the snake, but the jackal interfered and said: 'Do not lift the stone. She wanted to bite you; therefore she may rise by herself.' Then they both went away and left the snake under the stone."

☞ NEW FASHIONS IN PARIS.—A Paris correspondent writes:—"I must for an instant allude to a new fashion, grounding my statement on a picture in the *Journal Illustre*. I hinted some weeks ago that ladies were about to wear 'tail coats.' The time has arrived for that innovation, and only last night I beheld with astonishment, not unmixed with terror, many ladies in silk and satin dress-coats. Coats, waistcoats, shirts, collars, and cravats—they have assumed them all in turns. What remains for them to wear? Echo answers trow—well, never mind what echo answers, but a Highland chieftain's wife would find it 'ill' to assume. But who am I that I should interfere with ladies' *toilettes?* Only I do hope they won't get into the habit of standing with their backs to the fireplace and their hands in their pockets."

☞ The law for calling out the military force of the country says: "Any physician or surgeon who shall, directly or indirectly, demand or receive any compensation for furnishing certificates of disability, shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall for every such offence be fined not exceeding five hundred dollars, and shall also be subject to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one year."

☞ God carries his people when they cannot walk; He pities our weakness, but not our sloth.


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be examined weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER, 413 Nassau St. N. Y.
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A DUEL nearly came off at Marseilles between two members of the Japanese Embassy now on their journey. The particular quarrel placed two ballots in a hat, on one of which was written "death." He who drew this was bound to retire to a room and commit suicide. This was satisfaction to the survivor. The affair was, however, nipped in the bud by the interference of some French gentlemen, who could not see the propriety of such an arrangement.

AN iron flag has been placed on the Patent Office at Washington. It is handsomely painted on waving folds, to imitate the national colors, and presents a good appearance.

☞ In the beginning of the war, a patriotic landlady, in her desire to emulate the generosity of many city governments and other corporations in continuing the wages of absent soldiers, gave notice that if any of her boarders wished to enlist, she would allow their board-bill to run right on all the time they were gone the same as if they remained.

☞ A Quaker friend of ours advises:—"Don't scold a woman lest she should scold better than thee."


BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, for Coughs, Colds, Pulmonary and Asthmatic Disorders, have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them.

NOT A DYE, BUT A PERFECT HAIR DRESSING AND RESTORER OF COLOR COMBINED.

*A Sure Preventive of Baldness.*

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
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Does not soil hat, bonnet, or the finest linen; restores gray hair, promotes a luxuriant growth of new hair, removes all dandruff, itching, scurf, &c., from the scalp, rendering it perfectly healthy; keeps the hair moist, glossy and beautiful; highly perfumed, as a dressing it has no superior. Single bottles, 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold by Dr. S WAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. my28-eow


## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is firm. Sales 9,000 bbls at $7@7,12 for superfine; $7,37@7,75 for extras, the latter for good Ohio and city mills; $7,75@8,50 for common to good extra family, and $8,75@9,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour meets with ready sale at $7 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal—Sales of 300 bbls Pennsylvania meal at $5,65, and 1000 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Wheat continues in limited request, with sales of 25,000 bushels, mostly reds, at $1,70@1,80 for common to prime Pennsylvania, chiefly at the latter rate, and $1,90@2 for white. Rye is dull at $1,58@1,60. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bushels at $1,35@1,43 for yellow and $1,38@1,40 for white. Oats—About 20,000 bushels found buyers at 87@90c, the latter for heavy Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market for the hog product is dull and drooping. Barrelled meats are selling in a retail way at 32½@33½ for Mess Pork, and Mess Beef at $16@18 ₱ bbl. Bacon moves off slowly at 18@21c for plain and fancy Hams; 12½@13c for Shoulders, and 13@13½c for Sides. For Green Meats the demand is limited at 15½@16½c for Hams in salt and pickle, and 11½@13c for Shoulders. Lard is lower, sales of bbls and tcs having been made at 13½@14c; kegs are quoted at 16@16½c. Butter meets with a good demand at 25@30c for prime Pennsylvania and Western, packed and roll, and 35@40c for New York state, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is firm at 16@19c ₱ lb, and Eggs in steady demand at 19@20c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is more active. About 300 bales have been disposed of in small lots, at from 80 to 90c for ordinary and good middling quality.

ASHES—Both kinds scarce and high.

BARK—Quercitron is in steady demand. Sales of about 150 hhds 1st No. 1 at $40 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Demand limited at 57@58c ₱ lb.

COAL—The demand is less active, but prices are steady.

COFFEE—A few small sales are reported, chiefly at 44@45c for Rio, cash and 4 months.

COPPER is firm at previous quotations.

FEATHERS are limited at 70@73c for good western.

FRUIT—The sales are light, at 10@10½c for dried Apples, and 17@20c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches, the latter for prime halves.

HAY is in demand at $18@20 ₱ ton.

HOPS remain quiet at 24@28c ₱ lb.

IRON—The demand for Pig Metal is not so active, some 700 tons found buyers at $58@61, cash. For Manufactured Iron the inquiry is good at fully former rates.

LEAD—500 pigs Galena sold at 12½c ₱ lb, cash.

LUMBER—Sales of Raft Lumber at $18@19 for Hemlock Joist and Scantling, and $20@21 for Boards. White Pine at $42@34, and Yellow Sap Boards at $27@28 ₱ M. Shingles and Laths are steady.

PLASTER is offered at $6 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—The active season for Clover and Timothy seed is over. Some lots of the former have been disposed of at $6,50@6,75 ₱ bus. Of Flaxseed sales are making at $3,40 ₱ bus, and but little offering.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is quoted at 173@175c. Whiskey is more active, with large sales of Pennsylvania and Western bbls to note at 125@135c.

SUGARS—The market remains very quiet; some 300 hhds mostly Cuba have been disposed of in lots at 16@17c, on the usual terms. Refined Sugars are lower.

TALLOW is firm at 13½@13½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—Manufactured is firm. Of Leaf the sales are mostly confined to Penna Seed at prices ranging from 10 to 12c for fillers, and 18@35c for wrappers. Western is scarce.

WOOL—The stock on sale is light, the week's transactions are limited to a few small lots, mostly medium and fine fleece at 80@85c, and pulled at 75c ₱ lb.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head. The prices realized were from $10 to 16 ₱ 100 lbs. 180 Cows brought from $35 to 40 ₱ head. 2000 Sheep were sold at from 10 to 10½ cts ₱ lb. 1500 head Hogs brought from $10 to 12½ ₱ 100 lbs.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. ALFRED NAGLE, to Miss AMANDA GOODWIN, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. HENRY S SOUTHWICK, to Miss KATE HIDE, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. GEORGE H. HAYET, to Miss MAGGIE S. WIGFALL, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev J. H. Peters, Mr. HENRY FORKUT, to Miss LIZZIE H. POWELL, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN WILSON, to Miss ELIZABETH A. BALL, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. PETER EVANS, to Miss EMMA HALL, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM CARTER, to Miss MARGARET A. MAHAN, all of Frankford.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, SAMUEL WONDERLY, in his 73d year.

On the 17th instant, RICHARD M. TILBURN, in his 31st year.

On the 17th instant, AMELIA G. NICHOLS, aged 26 years.

On the 16th instant, THOMAS M. HASTINGS, in his 28th year.

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# Wit and Humor.

## SCENE IN AN ARKANSAS HOTEL.

A contributor to the Spirit of the Times thus describes a scene at the Anthony House, at Little Rock, Ark.:

Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, L——— came into the bar-room, as usual, to take part in what was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, but two or three of the town folks were there, together with a strange man who had arrived half an hour or longer before, and who, tired, wet and muddy, from a long Arkansas stage-ride, his legs extended and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap, opposite the centre of a blazing fire. Any one who has travelled until ten o'clock, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the fruition before that fire-place. The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L———, who took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation was reduced to the poker for amusement. He poked the fire vigorously for a while, until it got red hot, and becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire, when he remarked the great toe of the stranger's foot protruding through a hole in one of his socks.

Here was a relief to L———. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them; one by one, the others, as they caught the joke, began to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded into grins and suppressed giggles—and one inconsistent fellow into a broad laugh.

Closer and closer the red hot poker neared the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper to restlessly move his foot. L——— was about applying the poker when a sound of click! click! arrested his attention. He looked at the stranger—latter with one eye open, had been watching the whole proceeding, and silently brought a pistol to bear on L———. In a voice just audible, muttered in a tone of great determination:

"Jest burn it! *Burn it!* Jest burn it and I'll be hung if I don't stir *you* up with ten thousand hot pokers in two seconds!"

L——— laid down his poker instantly, and remarked:

"Stranger, *let's take a drink*—in fact, gentlemen, all of you."

L——— afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

## SHAKSPEARE TO BE DISMISSED.

The Mayor of a well-known town in England became the patron of the theatre in 1850, and gave a hundred guineas for a box for the season. The liberality did not arise from any particular taste for dramatic literature, but he paid thus handsomely for the box because he was a liberal man, liked going to the play, and his predecessor in office paid the same sum, and he was not to be outdone. He attended every night, was always pleased, and very friendly with the manager, till one night Mr. Macready made his appearance in "Hamlet," a play which the Mayor had never seen; and when, in the mad scene, Hamlet appeared with his dress in disorder, the Mayor took offence at the exhibition and declared to his wife and family, who were in the box with him, his conviction that the actor was drunk, and he would have no such doings if he could help it. So, accordingly, he went round to the stage and waited at the side till the end of the scene, when he thus addressed the tragedian:

"Mr. Macready, till to-night I looked upon you as a respectable man; now I know you are given to drink, for no sober man would go before a respectable audience with his shirt frill hanging about like that, and his stockings down. Way, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The tragedian, astonished at the ignorance of his patron, said:

"My dear sir, you are quite mistaken, I assure you. I only adhere to the author's instruction in regard to the disordered dress, to show—"

"Who wrote this play?" demanded the Mayor.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Macready, "don't you know Shakspeare wrote it?"

"I can't say that I do," replied the Mayor, "but I will take care that he writes no more for this house as long as I am Mayor, and so you may tell him?"

☞ "Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady caller of Mrs. Partington. "Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up real early on Sunday morning, fix up, and go to church, and hear a real smart minister dispense with the gospel."

☞ "Pray, sir," said a young belle to the keeper of a circulating library, "Have you *Man as he is?*" "No, Miss," replied the clerk, wishing to accommodate her, and with no other meaning, "but we have *Woman as she should be!*"

☞ There is a great deal of dying for love now-a-days, but it is generally of the whiskers.

## SAYINGS BY JOSH BILLINGS.

That, John Brown haz halted a fu days for refreshment.

That, moste men had ruther say a smart thing than tew dew a good one.

That, baksliding iz a big thing, espeshila on ice.

That, there iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins.

That, yu kant judge a man bi hiz religgun eny more than yu kan judge hiz shurt bi the size ov the collar and ristbands.

That, the devil iz alwus prepared tew see kompany.

That, it iz treating a man like a dog tew cut him oph short in hiz narrative.

That, "ignorance iz bliss," ignorance of sawing wood, for instance.

That, menny will fale tew be saved simpla bekauze tha haint got eny thing tew salve.

That, the vartues ov woman are awl her own, but her frailities have bin taught her.

That, dry *pastors* are the best for flocks: flocks of sheep I mean.

That, men ov genius are like eagles, tha liv on what tha kill, while men ov talents are like crows, tha liv on what haz bin killed for them.

That, some peoples are fond ov bragging about their ancestors, and their grate decent, when in fack, their *grate descent* iz jist what's the matter ov them.

That, a woman kant keep a sekret nor let ennybody else keep one.

That, "a little larning iz a dangerous thing;" this iz az tru az it iz common.

That, it iz better tew fail in a noble enterprise than to sukseed in a mean one.

That, a grate menny folks hav bin eddikated oph from their feet.

That, luv in a woman's harte iz a good deal like a bird in a cage, open the door and the bird will fly out and never wants tew cum bak agin.

That, Sekretary Chase iz evidently failing, the time ov hiz laste heat being 10-40!

LOCKING UP THE WINE.—Alexander, fourth Earl of Kellie, was rather a hard liver. He married Anne, daughter of third Earl of Balcarras, and in the first confidence of married love, entrusted to her keeping the key of the wine-cellar. Lady Kellie, on the first occasion that he invited his boon companions to dinner and drink, gave out as much wine as she thought good for them, and walked quietly up to Carnnee with the key of the wine-cellar in her pocket, to talk her four hours with the minister's wife. The party soon discussed the medicum she had left out for their consumption, and on his lordship sending for more he learned how matters stood. He had the cellar door forced forthwith from its hinges, and desired the servant to take it to the manse, with his compliments to her ladyship, and, if she asked any questions, to say: "That it was the cellar door come to look for the key."

SETTLED.—John Danders, a country black-smith, the husband of a young wife, had labored long and become wealthy, having the custom of all the farmers around. When he was on his death-bed, he called his wife Janet, to him.

"Janet," said he, "I am not long for this world; I am wearing away very fast. Now, concerning the business, Janet, there's Andrew, the foreman, he knows all about the shop, and the customers all like him. You will just let a decent time elapse and then make up together."

"Oh, my dear John!" said Janet, bursting into a flood of tears, "don't let that trouble you; Andrew and I have settled that already."

## ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

A lady who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following suggestions to young men:

Dear gentlemen between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five," listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, *go away at a reasonable hour.* Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make *shorter* calls, and come oftener. A girl that is a sensible, true-hearted girl, will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution; that of coming down and inviting the young man to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother, and all because a young man *will* make a longer call than he ought to. Now, young gentlemen friends, I will tell you what the girls will do. For an hour and a half they will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware, monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect, and, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat meekly depart, a sadder, and it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry, but the next time be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better her poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't, for pity's sake, don't throw down your paper with a "pshaw"—but remember the safe side of ten.

WEALTHY GENTLEMAN (who dabbles in the arts). "Think it's like my father, Trotter?"

TROTTER (the groom). "Ah! that it be; but (thinking of a flattering compliment) it's wery easy to see it warn't done by a artis'; I mean one o' them fellows as gets their livin' by it!"

## An Educated Housekeeper's Views.

"What are you studying?" asked a young man of a friend who was taking her last year's schooling at an academy. "The common branches, physiology, chemistry, rhetoric, and natural philosophy," was the reply. "What *on earth* will you do with such learning in farmer G———'s kitchen?" exclaimed he, naming a worthy man to whom she was betrothed. "I'm afraid you'll find yourself so well fitted for some other sphere, that your education will be a discomfort rather than a source of happiness." The answer given to this proved that the young lady possessed an educated mind as well as book learning. Said she: "How little you know about housekeeping. You talk as though it were like turning a grindstone, or walking on a treadmill, needing only plenty of muscle; and the less brains to make one uneasy, the better. Why, my mistaken young friend, there's more room for science and thought and skill in managing a household properly, than you'll ever find in your dry goods store, with a bank and a grist-mill thrown in. It requires philosophy to properly make a fire, wash clothes, sweep a room, ventilate an apartment, regulate a clock, and a hundred other matters you never dreamed of. Cooking is an every-day application of chemistry. A woman can mix and heat up provisions without knowing anything about it but the art; but she can make better bread, butter, roast, broil or boil more nicely, put this and that together in her puddings, pies, and cakes, with greater success, if she knows the *why* as well as the *how*. Then, what is a poor, broken-down wife good for? Physiology teaches how to keep health in the family; and then when we have all finished the day's work, having applied science all the way through, we shall want to look over the papers and books which tell what the rest of the world is thinking about; and then don't you see how nicely some little knowledge of *belle lettres* and the laws of mind will come in? A *higher sphere* indeed! If those who are so anxious to fill a large place would only take pains to make the place they are now in what it might be, depend upon it there would be more comfort and less complaints, both from themselves and those depending on them. *I* intend to try to elevate my work to my own level." "Upon my word," said the young man, "you make out a pretty strong case. I never saw the matter in just that light before, and I doubt whether many women view it thus. And that such a good lesson may not be lost, I'll send it to the *American Agriculturist*." And here, Mr. Editor, you have the story.

☞ A little boy, on coming home from a certain church where he had seen a person perform on an organ, said to his mother—"Oh, mamma, I wish you had been to church to-day to see the fun—a man pumping music out of an old cupboard!"

# Agricultural.

## SETTING FENCE POSTS.

Many methods are recommended for setting fence posts, but in cases where firmness and durability are specially desirable, I know of none superior to the following: Having selected your posts, remove the bark from the lower ends and char them; then finish the whole as you prefer to have them appear when set. The holes for their reception, for an ordinary farm fence, should never be less than eighteen inches in diameter, and two feet nine inches deep, nor should there be any diminution of the size of the post beneath the soil. The larger the posts are in that part the more firmly will they set. To supply the material for filling in, take common lime, one part, pulverized charcoal one part, house ashes one part, and coarse gravel six parts; slake the lime with water in which half a bushel of salt to one barrel of the former has been dissolved, and mix the materials intimately till the mass is of the consistency of mortar, then throw in a few shovels full to constitute a bedding, and having set the post in the required position, commence filling in.

Where the fence is to be ornamental or very strong and high, and where swaying from the effect of powerful winds, or other causes, is to be guarded against, the introduction of small stones before the cement hardens, will be found very desirable. These should be thrown in as the process of filling proceeds, and rammed down to increase the solidity of the mass. This cement is one of the most antiseptic mixtures known when applied to wood beneath the soil. It hardens to the solidity of the firmest granite, and will neither break nor crack. In finishing off the filling in, care should be taken to give a slight elevation to the mass immediately in contact with the post rising some four or five inches in the form of a pyramid, to prevent the water standing upon it. Posts inserted in this way always remain erect position, and endure for ages.—*A Maine Farmer, in Ger. Telegraph.*

KEEP GOOD COWS.—Our farmers keep too many poor cows. It costs no more to keep a cow that will average nine or ten quarts of milk per day than it does to keep one that will average only six or seven. The difference between these two products will amount to a handsome sum annually. Now, when beef is so high, it seems a good time for our readers to sell off their poor cows and fill their places with better milkers. They may rest assured that the true economy consists in keeping only good cows, as these will soon pay their extra first cost, and ever after prove a better investment.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CATTLE IN THE HIGHWAY.—A correspondent writes to the American Agriculturist: "When the subject of excluding stock from pasturing in the streets came up for discussion in our Farmer's Club, it was claimed by certain trespassers that the roadway belongs to the town or county, and that therefore all the inhabitants have a right to feed their cattle in them. But it was shrewdly replied to this, that if so, then the town or county must make half of the fences on the lines, and the people must be perpetually taxed for the purpose. At this, the trespassers and their friends shrugged their shoulders. Moreover, the chairman, being well versed in the law, rose up and said, 'The common law of England (which is also our law) settles this matter very justly and plainly, when it says: The king himself has no right to the highway, except for purposes of travel and repairs; also, that the trees and stones, except such as are needed for repairs, with all other minerals, and the grass, belong to him through whose land the highway passes.' Here the matter ended for that evening. But still the nuisance of street cattle is not yet abated with us."

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—A writer in the Rural New Yorker says that he has found by accident, that dough raised with milk rising is a sure and safe remedy for gapes in chickens, fed while fermenting, but while still sweet. He has tried it for six years, but says that where he seasons the feed of his chickens with salt, as for cooking, they never have the gapes.

# Useful Receipts.

MAKING SOFT SOAP.—In answer to one of your correspondents who inquires about making soap with potash, I send the following receipt, which I consider the cheapest and best in my experience:—

Melt 39 pounds of grease, and put it in a barrel; take 20 pounds of potash, and pour hot water on it; then pour it off into the grease, stirring it well—continue this until all the potash is melted or dissolved; add one pailful of cold water, stirring it a good deal every day, until the barrel is full, then it is done. This is the best way; still if one wishes to hasten matters a little, they may put the same proportions together, and boil two or three hours, (adding water until it is of the proper strength,) then dip it off into the barrel to cool, and stir once a day for a while, as old soap-makers do all soft soap. Potash soap is better if it stands a year before it is used, so it is best to make two or three barrels at a time. Be very careful to get the light ash-colored potash; the reddish will spoil the soap.

For excellent hard soap, get the "concentrated lye," or potash, that comes in pound boxes, the directions accompanying each box; but the "concentrated lye" does not make good soft soap.—*Prairie Farmer.*

RUSKS.—Contributed to the American Agriculturist, by Miss L. R. Getter, Montgomery county, Ohio:—Melt ½ lb. of butter, mix with it ½ of a pint of milk, and flour to make a stiff batter; add 3 tablespoonsful of yeast, and set it in a warm place to rise. When light beat 3 eggs with ½ lb. of rolled sugar, add a teaspoonful of salt, 1 of cinnamon, and flour to make the whole of the above ingredients sufficiently stiff to mould up. Work them into biscuit form, lay them on flat tins, and let them remain until of a spongy lightness before baking in a moderately hot oven.

SODA BISCUIT.—By the same contributor: 1 quart of flour, 2 teaspoonsful of cream of tartar mixed well in the dry flour; 1 tablespoonful of lard, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in sweet milk enough to make a soft dough with the flour. Bake in a quick oven.

MULLAGATAWNEY SOUP.—Take a large knuckle of veal, cut off the meat from it in slices, and fry them a light brown color in butter. Place them in your stewpan, with an old fowl, six large onions, a stick of celery, two carrots, two turnips (all to be left entire,) mace and other spices to taste; add a small teacupful of rice, (well washed.) Pour boiling water on the whole, and let all boil together till the veal and fowl are tender. When this is the case, take the gristly and best parts out, and also the best and whitest parts of the fowl, and cut them into small pieces, sufficient to fill a large plateful. Return the remainder into the stew-pot, and let is stew together until all juice is extracted from the meat; strain the liquor through a sieve, then take six more large onions, cut them in large slices, and fry them in butter a *light golden brown*; put them and the plateful of meat, which has been cut up into small pieces, and gristly parts into the soup; boil them up together, and season it with curry powder, which must be well kneaded first with a lump of butter and a little flour; add salt to taste. Some persons add the juice of a lemon when serving the soup. Boiled rice must be served in a separate dish, to be eaten with it.

☞ Be not vacillating in your purposes; let not every bright meteor that shoots across your path attract you to new aims. This would be to make your life but as whirling sands borne about by every fickle wind.

# The Riddler.

### ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 3, 30, 7, 16, is the most famous volcanic mountain in the world.
My 26, 29, 19, 23, 12, was a celebrated physician of the second century.
My 25, 8, 10, 4, 15, 29, 18, 21, was the father of Jupiter.
My 1, 20, 27, 12, is a musical instrument.
My 22, 2, 11, 14, 17, is a distinguished Major General in the Union army.
My 16, 9, 5, 8, 15, 6, 24, is a star of the first magnitude.
My whole is a distinguished officer in the Union army. EVA.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATIE.

My 1st is in carriage, but not in cart.
My 2d is in whole, but not in part.
My 3d is in oyster, but not in shell.
My 4th is in prison, but not in cell.
My 5th is in age, but not in youth.
My 6th is in Rachel, but not in Ruth.
My 7th is in window, but not in door.
My 8th is in apple, but not in core.
My 9th is in silver, but not in gold.
My 10th is in bought, but not in sold.
My 11th is in smile, but not in blush.
My 12th is in the linnet, but not in the thrush.
My 13th is in king, but not in queen.
My 14th is in fat, but not in lean.
My 15th is in hope, but not in despair.
My 16th is in haunt, but not in lair.
My whole was a General in the Revolutionary War.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first a plant, you all have seen,
And in the garden grows quite green.
A verb is too, as I will show,
And rashness is the cause you know.

My second is a person's name,
And not unknown to rolls of fame,
Or rather *nicknams*, I should say,
But seldom heard the other way.

My third in hotels oft is found,
A place where tipsers gather round,
Also in music finds a place,
And in deep waters some can trace.

My fourth belongs to every one
Who perfect is, beneath the sun.
My whole the owner sure can boast,
Is in the columns of the Post.

*Forest, Ohio.* J. R. TRISSLER.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Six letters in all belong to me;
My first omit, then as you see,
I form a being brave and bold,
Welcome to maidens young and old.
Omit my second, and I become
A word that means above, upon.
My whole's a plant of a genus or race
On which all brutes delight to graze.

ZAIDA.

### ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two different series of numbers in geometrical progression, each of which has its first term and ratio equal. The number of terms in each series is equal to the first term or ratio of the other, and the sum of *both* series is 2144. But if the number of terms in each series was equal to its first term or ratio, the sum of *both* series would be 4945. Required—the two series of numbers. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three persons, A, B and C, set out on a journey of 40 miles; A at the rate of 1, B of 2, and C (in a buggy) of 8 miles per hour. Being desirous of reaching the end of their journey all together, and in the shortest possible time, C took A in the buggy with him, and carried him just so far that there was time enough left for himself to return and take up B, and then overtake A at the end of the 40th mile. How long, and how far, did each travel alone, and in how many hours was the entire journey completed?

*Scott Co., Iowa.* MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What trees are those which, after fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before? Ans.—Ashes.

☞ Why ought a housemaid to have more lives than a cat? Ans.—Because every morning she returns to dust.

☞ Why does rain diminish the size of the statue in Union Square? Ans.—Because it becomes a statuette (statue wet.)

☞ What constellation is like an empty fireplace? Ans.—The great bear.

☞ When are sailors most melancholy? Ans.—When they go whaling (wailing.)

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—Saturday Evening Post. CHARADD—Idaho. RIDDLE—Lieutenant. DOUBLE REBUS—Choptank, Maryland. (Cairngorm, Hecla, Ophir, Paraguay, Tobol, Alnta, Neiman, Khojend.)

Answer to PROBLEM by J. S. Ross, Jr., April 16th. 29 ft. 1.7 in. Reuben Barto, C. L. Newbold, R. Vasey, Jr., and Morgan Stevens.